

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 16, 1956



*America's National Sports Weekly*

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Cover: Head and Gonzales ▶

Lewis Head and big Richard Gonzales, the two best tennis players in the world, head up the entry list in the professional tournament which will open at Forest Hills this week.

Photograph by Morris E. Newman

## Next week



▶ Jackie Jensen, ex-football hero and bonus baby, once a corky, pop-off kid, has become a nice guy and a steady, dependable pro who gives you all he's got in every game.

▶ Picture highlights of the great golfing moments in the U.S. Open at Tulsa, plus a report from Scotland by Henry Longhurst on Joe Carr's victory in the British Amateur.

▶ The track season hits its climax with the NCAA and AAU meets. Tex Maule reports on the NCAA and previews the AAU, trial battle for the U.S.-Russia meeting.

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## BILL CASPER TALKS ABOUT GOLF BALLS

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## MEMO from the publisher

**T**HIS WEEK Carleton Mitchell takes time off from reporting America's Cup developments in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** for a sort of yachtmaster's holiday. Home from sailing the Solent aboard *Sceptre*, the British challenger (SI, June 2), he sets sail again on Saturday aboard his yawl *Fineletter*, hoping to repeat her victory in the last Bermuda Race (see preview in this issue).

One sailor in the Bermuda Race on whom Mitchell will be trying to keep



C. RAYMOND HUNT



CARLETON MITCHELL

a close eye is C. Raymond Hunt, who will be on the boat of his own design, *Devolved*. Perhaps by the end of the race Mitchell will have seen more than enough for the time being of Hunt and his works. But whatever the outcome, in next week's **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Mitchell will be writing about the America's Cup prospects of his longtime friendly rival.

And this is an important story in yachting's biggest story, the America's Cup, for Hunt looms large in its defense. The designer of defense candidate *Easterlee*, he is also a member of her afterguard. "Hunt is," Mitchell has said, "as brilliant

a racing sailor as he is a designer." Next week Mitchell's reasons for the statement come clear.

Herewith some other features which readers of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** may look forward to between now and the first race on September 20:

► An analysis of sails by Mort Lund. Intricate problems in both aerodynamics and construction, they can affect the cup results even more than the wind that's in them.

► A historical look at the cup through great personalities who have fought for it. By George Plimpton, who wrote our 1956 series on Harold S. Vanderbilt, it begins with John Cox Stevens, head of the syndicate which built the original *America*, includes designers like Steers, Herreshoff and the Burgesses, challengers like Ashbury, Lord Dunraven and Sir Thomas Lipton.

► A guide for visiting sportsmen, with or without their yachts, to fame and fabled Newport, center of cup activity.

► A description by Carleton Mitchell of the duties and days in the life of a "winch pumper," the enlisted man on a cup crew.

► Color photographs of the defenders in action—and their crews.

And as the trials progress (the Preliminaries start July 12), on-the-spot reports from Mitchell, Boating Editor Ezra Bowen and the rest of the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** crew. One spot: the defense candidate *Weatherly*, of which Mitchell is navigator.

*Harry Phillips*

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## Jimmy Jemail's HOTBOX



**THE QUESTION:** If Babe Ruth's home run record is broken because of the screen at Los Angeles, should the new mark be accepted?



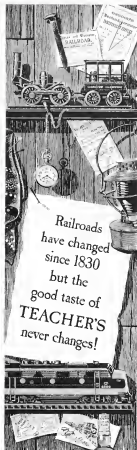
**FRANCIS T. HUNTER**  
President  
Yankee Stadium Club  
New York City

Yes, definitely. A home run is a home run in any accepted baseball park. If an exception should be made for the Los Angeles Coliseum, why allow the Dodgers to play there? And after all, there isn't too much difference between the Coliseum's short left field and that at the Polo Grounds.



**TY COBB**  
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Palo Alto, Calif.

Of course. The games played there are regulation ball games and they go into the won-and-lost columns. Sure, some bango hitters are going to benefit, but many line drives that would be home runs will be nothing more than singles when they hit that screen. Everything will average out.



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**FRANK LANE**  
General manager  
Cleveland Indians

No, not unless there is a qualifying footnote. There should be some distinction because any records made at the Coliseum will be records made under easy conditions. The league could establish some additional rules right now to lessen this ridiculous condition and to insure the validity of baseball statistics.



**FRANKIE FRISCH**  
Sportscaster  
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Yes, but what's the difference? If money-hungry people are going to build ball parks any way they like, I see no reason why we should concern ourselves. Every baseball fan would know Babe's record was broken in a lumpy-dumpy ball park. Even college players hit home runs over that screen.



**J. G. TAYLOR SPINK**  
Publisher  
The Sporting News  
St. Louis, Mo.

Yes, it must go into the record books because the games are played under the rules of organized baseball. Personally, I think it is bad because the games there are played under makeshift conditions in a stadium which, as we know, was never meant for baseball. However, the money is rolling in.



**JOE DIMAGGIO**  
Former Yankee  
center fielder  
New York

Yes, because a home run is still a home run. It counts in the ball game so it should count in the record books. Can you give me any reason why it shouldn't? Personally, I have my doubts about Babe Ruth's record being broken this year as a result of the Coliseum's short fence. Who's that good?

(continued)



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HOTBOX continued



**BOB WOLF**  
Sports writer  
Milwaukee Journal

The situation does seem ridiculous but there will be no choice but to accept any Coliseum records. Babe Ruth had a fairly easy target in right field at Yankee Stadium the year he hit his 60 home runs. Why should his record be sacred?



**TOOTS SHOR**  
Restaurateur  
New York

Yes, but Babe's record won't be broken out there. Players tighten up when they get near it. Joe DiMaggio could have broken it with that short fence. So could Kiner, Fox and Greenberg. Today, there are no NL right-handers in their class.



**RALPH KINER**  
General manager  
San Diego Padres

Yes. The rules say the foul lines need be only 250 feet long, and that is the length of the Coliseum's left field line. Other sluggers had short fences. Yankee Stadium, "The House That Ruth Built," was tailored for his power to right field.



**MIKE GARCIA**  
Pitcher  
Cleveland Indians

Sure. Some pop flies will go over that screen in short left, but there will be mighty few homers in other sections of the Coliseum. I lost games in Yankee Stadium when dinky flies just dropped in the seats in short right field.



**LOU SMITH**  
Sports editor  
Cincinnati Enquirer

No. I don't think it is a fair test of home run power. However, I don't think Babe Ruth's record will be bettered. If Snider hit right-handed instead of left-handed, he'd have a good chance because he's a great pull hitter.

## Doctor to Duesenbergs

The majestic automobiles are  
still in circulation thanks to  
Master Mechanic Jim Hoe

IN the specialist-teeming world of sports cars few persons have carried specialization to such rarefied heights as a burly, tow-headed mechanical wizard and racing driver of 45 named Arthur James Hoe. The Hoe Sports-car garage, tucked away on a leafy back road in Weston, Conn., where Hoe lives with his wife and three children, ministers exclusively to the near-extinct line of Duesenbergs—in the judgment of its idolatrous fans, the greatest wheeled vehicles ever conceived. It restores basket cases to racing pitch, runs a Mail-order business in Duesenberg spare parts, machining them on its own lathes, and occasionally unearths a model for a long waiting list of desperate Duesenberg lovers.

Of the fabled make, launched in 1920 in Indianapolis by the Duesenberg brothers, Fred and Augie, and discontinued in 1937, only 70 Model As, 470 Js and 88 SJs were sold, at prices ranging from \$13,500 to \$25,000. Some had built-in stoves and toilets, dressing tables, writing desks and bars, and one, owned by an Indian nabob, had solid gold fittings, a floor of inlaid rare woods and apparently no price ceiling. Of all these, only about 350 are known to be still mobile. A paltry number to support a full-time enterprise, but Jim Hoe and three helpers, toiling eight to 10 hours a day, six days a week, cannot begin to keep up with the demands for their services. Hoe estimates he has worked on or provided parts for about 75% of all extant Duesenbergs.

His own Duesenberg, "The Racer," an SJ competition two-seater, is now in its fourth decade. It had lain in a Long Island estate for 10 years before it was sent to a junkyard where Hoe spotted it and bought it for \$100. It



AUTO WIZARD JIM HOE works intently over Duesenberg engine in own garage.

had no wheels, only a rust-eroded body and the ghost of a motor. He cut down the frame from 152 to 125 inches and drilled holes to lighten it, reduced the weight of the 90-pound springs by a third and built a new motor. In man-hours and materials the restoration stood him \$8,000 (no record sum, however, one Hoe customer having paid a bill totaling \$20,000), but he never regretted a penny of it. The Racer, with its restorer at the wheel, led its class three years in a row in the hill-climbing tests on Giant's Despair, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; tied for first place in the quarter-mile time race at Cherry Park, Conn.; and in 1951, on the dirt track at Dover, N.H., ran a beautiful second to a Maserati in the standing and flying half-mile.

Jim Hoe's mania for cars burgeoned early in life. He was 5 when his father, the head of a prosperous New York printing concern, sat Hoe on his lap and allowed him to hold the wheel of his vintage 1910 Mercedes. Hoe's mechanical aptitude was formally developed at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. Later came Sperry Gyroscope Co., where Hoe was chief inspector of its experimental machine shop, the Army and another tour of duty with Sperry.

While with Sperry, Hoe bought, for \$295, the remains of a 1930 Model J Duesenberg and doctored it back to a degree of health which enabled him to come in third in a standing start acceleration test. Prize patient of the Hoe clinic, its mileage gauge well over the 300,000 mark, the car

continued

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Here, too, is a Community House for youngster, teen-age and adult get-togethers, and a center for such Inverness organizations as the Book Club, Garden Club, boys' and girls' clubs . . . surrounded by a five acre community playground complete with tennis courts, ball diamond, game fields and ice skating.

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may be seen today tooling smartly around New York under the command of an ex-professor of psychology at the University of Pennsylvania named Bayard Badenhausen.

Hoe's father was so impressed that he procured the corpse of another Model J and challenged him to resuscitate it. Hoe achieved this in a series of delicate operations lasting several months. In 1945 he opened a repair shop in Old Westbury on Long Island, and he has scarcely had an idle moment since. Hoe moved to his present eight-acre property (there is garage space for six cars) in 1948.

No site could be more peculiarly congenial to a person of Hoe's predilection than Weston. Within commuting distance of New York, it lies in the heart of Fairfield County, which also embraces the headquarters of the Sports Car Club of America, the Connecticut Sports Car Club, numerous sports car dealers and the home of Briggs Cunningham, the millionaire sports car enthusiast and builder.

#### A DAMN-ALL CLASSIC

It was for Cunningham that Hoe bought Gary Cooper's SJ speedster. This was the classic Duesenberg with the damn-all, bird-in-flight radiator emblem and the long sweeping fenders that made the car look a city block long. The body was a lovely two-tone gray and the car sported a bob tail in lieu of the separate trunk. Hoe renovated the speedster and raced it during the summer of 1949. He won every event he entered.

Another Duesenberg, this one bought in Chicago, was cause for the most humiliating experience of Hoe's life. The Duesenberg, which was dressed in a horrible, muddy shade of tan, needed some \$2,000 worth of repairs and Hoe had to snail his way east to Connecticut at slower than 50 mph. Everywhere he was treated to jeers from motorists passing him in vehicles of (to Hoe) deplorably low pedigree. Hoe vows he'll rebuild the car on the spot before he allows himself to get caught that way again.

Before the transfer to Weston, Elizabeth Hoe temporarily abandoned her fixated mate to ponder their relationship in tranquility. "I had to figure out whether the business was going to adopt me or whether I would adopt it," she said not long ago. She resolved to adopt it, and to-



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day, in addition to handling correspondence and bills, she makes the customers' problems her own, rejoicing with them in victory, consoling them in defeat.

The Hoes exist in an atmosphere of constant crisis and emergency. At any hour of the day or night some anguished Duesenberg addict, frayed in body and mind, may drive gasping up their driveway in a limping relic acquired hundreds of miles away and crave first-aid treatment. Often the wretched man must be given restoratives, fed and lodged until his treasure can take to the road again.

Many Duesenberg owners drop in just to talk about their pets. Springtime usually brings Ben Hudson of Hapeville, Ga., the South's No. 1 Duesenberg partisan, with a gift of bourbon. Other recurrent drop-ins include a 10-gallon-hatted and booted rancher from Larkspur, Calif., Reginald Sinclair by name; a mid-western family—father, mother and three tots—who leave their Duesenbergs at home and arrive in a converted Trailways bus; Richard Byrd Jr., son of the admiral; Charles Adams, the eldritch humorist; and a youngster named Lenny Felstiner.

Felstiner, a Maine resident, first burst into the Hoes' life on a New Year's Eve, as they were dressing for a party, panting to know if they had a Model J for sale at a moderate price. They didn't, but promised to keep him in mind. About two years later, Hoe came by a debilitated, but recuperable specimen, which he offered to Felstiner for \$500, listing, as is his practice, all its defects and the approximate cost of correcting them. The youth replied that he was now in the Navy, based at Monterey, Calif., but please, please to hang on to it until he got a leave.

Hoe did. Felstiner claimed the car on a steamy summer night, and next day he took off, seemingly transfixed by the joy of love required.

A year elapsed without news of Felstiner. Then three years ago came a single typewritten announcement bordered in funeral black. "Mr. L. W. Felstiner AT3 sincerely regrets to inform you of the unfortunate passage of Number 8 connecting rod thru the block and pan of his Duesenberg J-442 at 2,500 rpm. She went as she had gone: thru the middle, full throttle. Sic transit velocity."

"Poor lad," says Elisabeth Hoe. "My heart bleeds for him."

—JOHN KOBLER



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on the  
ball*

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# SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

**RECORD BREAKERS**—HUGH ENTHOFF, 35-year-old swinglifter at Boeing, who spent endless hours building little speedboat with help of Partner-Mechanic Jack Leek, fumed Seattle Hydro Genies Ted Jones and his son Ron, reared stubby little Mercury-powered, blue-finned RX-3 up and down glass-flat Lake Washington at average speed of 107-102 mph (see page 26), fastest ever for outboard motorboat (June 7).

FRAN WASHINGTON, 18-mile Winston-Salem Teachers' hurdler who usually plays second fiddle to Teammate Elias Gilbert, beat out own record-breaking rhythm in NAIA championships at San Diego, harlequin over obstacles in 34.5 to set new U.S. college standard for 43-3/4 hurdles (June 7).

YOLANDA HALL, limber-legged Romanian lass, likely flipped over bar at 5 feet 10 inches at Burkarest to regain world high jump mark (June 7).

THOMAS GATHERGOLD, 23-year-old New South Welshman, speeding water furiously, breaststroked 100 meters and 110 yards in 1:33.5 at Townsville, hauled down two world records to bring Aussie total since last February to 58 (June 7).

**BASEBALL**—LOS ANGELES DODGERS, with Chavez Ravine referendum behind them (see page 22), showed their appreciation to voters, smacked down Milwaukee three straight to help slumping San Francisco Giants, who lost four out of six to Braves and Cincinnati, maintain slender one-game lead. But St. Louis and Red Sox were on move upward as Pittsburgh slipped all way to sixth place.

MICKY VAVTLE, back in power groove, sprayed seven homers all over Yankee Stadium against Chicago and Cleveland, almost made fans forget that Yankees lost Sunday double-header to Indians 14-1, 5-4. Boston became latest to threaten, won five in row from Indians and White Sox to climb within 1/2 game of second-place Kansas City.

**TRACK & FIELD**—BERR ELLIOTT, rabbit-footed young Aussie, kept stride with early pace-setters, set out on his own at halfway mark, poured it on as Ron Delany flittered badly and pooped out, and Rammer-up Lasse Thacker dropped back at end, to win mile in 3:26.3 at Compton, Calif. Earlier, whitish Percy O'Brien killed shot 42 feet 4 1/4 inches but was pushed by fabulous Dallas Long (see below) of North Phoenix (Ariz.) H.S., who heaved 16-pound ball 61 feet 5 1/2 inch, best ever by schoolboy, and USC's Dave Davis, who unofficially bettered college record with 56 feet 5 inches.

RAY NORTON, San Jose State swifty, was never swifter than at Sanger, Calif., where he took off like jet, sprinted 229 in 29 flat with aid of too gusty winds which negated claim for world record after losing to Oklahoma State's Orlando Huxley in 100 in 9.4.

DEREK BRIDGEMAN, gabby Briton who has unrivaled 0.275 mile to his credit, fought off Australia's Merv Lincoln in shoulder-to-shoulder stretch duel, broke tape in 4:05.4 on run-flashed track in Centennial Games at Vancouver.

STONY MONTAG, ineligible for NCAA championships but with more than casual eye on AAE meet June 20-21 and trip to Moscow, anchored Andrew Christian's 400-yard relay team to 46.1 clocking, starred through 100 in 9.4 and 220 in 29.6 at U. of Houston's Meet of Champions.

**BOXING** VIRGIL ADAMS unleashed pent-up fury on unsuspecting Vince Martinez, knocked Manager Bill Daly's favorite mid-leveler groggy with first right-hand blast, viciously bonked him up and down eight times before Referee Harry Kessler, stretching his humanitarianism to limit, stopped bloodletting in fourth round of welterweight title bout at St. Louis (see page 21). True to manager's tradition, unmarked Daly issued brave challenge: "A macker punch . . . We want Adams again."

**HORSE RACING**—THIRTEEN all over, let down by likes of Silky Sullivan, were able to raise their heads and smile again after Erie-heat. Thoroughbreds came through hardbitten on both sides of Atlantic: Al Belmont, barrel-chested Cayna, held snugly on rail by jockey Pete Anderson, made move along with ill-fated Tim Tam, left Calumet's exit, babbling with fractured anklebone (see page 12), six lengths behind on way to victory in \$114,600 Belmont Stakes. At Epsom Downs, some 369,860 holidaying Britons, who defied bus strike to come out to cheer wiles and winks, cheer the Queen, peer the stripsteppers and send Sir Victor Sassoon's lip-curved Hard Ridden off at 18 to 1, watched worried old (51) gather Charlie Squire (see below) steer his mount up from rack along rail, bound home first by five lengths in Epsom Derby.

BRUCE YARLE, saddled with 132 pounds for first time, bided his time under mags hands of Willie Shoemaker, closed ground swiftly and surely on run to outside, got up to nose New Now in \$53,500 Argoat Handicap at Hollywood Park, won \$30,600 and boost earnings to \$1,054,024, left \$29,736 short of second-place Citation.

**HOCKEY**—NEW YORK RANGERS, anxious to protect promising young rookies, lost four regulars in some shrewd wheeling and dealing by Montreal, Boston and Chicago in mortgage draft at Montreal. Talented Canadians, who also sold Defenseman Delard St. Laurent to Chicago, snared Center Dave Creighton and Winger Danny Lewicki. Black Hawks lured Defenseman Jack Evans, Bruins drafted Winger Gay Genovese. Other shifts, Montreal's Bert Olinzok and Gerry Wilson to Toronto; Maple Leafs' Ted Lindsay to Chicago.

**TENNIS** PANCHE GONZALEZ, beaten two straight by returning Lew Rodd, showed signs of irritation but ran off victories in next three matches at Reno, Balboa, Calif. and La Jolla, clinched pro tennis tour title 51-36. "I'm worn out," complained Panche, "every bone aches, I want to get off the court as fast as I can."

## focus on the deed . . .



**BELTING** Walter Joe Mirelli whines his handwork as Jay Fulmer drops for third and last time in the third round at West Jordan, Utah.



**SHIRKING** Jockey Charlie Squire seems pleased with himself as he guides Hard Ridden back to stable after victory in Epsom Derby.



**STRAINING** Shotputter Dallas Long, 17, 6 feet 4 inches, 240 pounds and still growing, heaves big ball 61 feet 5 1/2 inch at Compton

**INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS**—ED ELIHAN, back in good graces of USAC (see page 11), wasted little time getting behind wheel, finished second to Joe Baerda of New Brunswick, N.J., in 15-mile sprint car race at Sandusky, Ohio. At Milwaukee, Art Biech of Phoenix pushed his big car at 44.01 mph clip to win 109-mile Rex Max Claude in 1:04:40.27, barely two car lengths ahead of Tony Bettenhausen.

GLENN (Fireball) ROBERTS, Daytona Beach throttle jockey, roared around half-mile asphalt track at Martinsville, Va., covered 269 miles in record 3:54:50 in 1957 Chevy to win NASCAR Old Dominion 500.

**GOLF**—SAM SNEAD, who doesn't enter many these days, fired up his game for 69 on final 18 to earn tie, disposed of Julius Horne, Gary Player and John McMillon on first hole of playoff to pocket \$3,500 in rich Dallas Open.

WICKLY WHIRLER, who boned up on her swing in midnight session in motel room, proved practice makes perfect, went out next day to shoot 74 and win Ladies PGA title with 288 at Pittsburgh.

**BOWLING**—ED SHAY, Chester, Pa., engineer who seemed to top with help of 500 came, won ABC singles title with 733 at end of 71-day tournament at Syracuse, N.Y., shared honors with Al Paragalli of Paterson, N.J., who led in all-events with 2,643. In Chicago, long, drawn-out Peteren Classic finally ended with Detroit's Bob Crawford taking down \$20,000 first prize with 1,680 for eight games.

**MILEPOST**—DIED—PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE, 41, once stately bellwether of West Coast athletics, more recently victim of own drastic blueprints—welding, of fatal attack, suffered when penalty-victim U. of Washington stricken of 41-year-old sharks, elected to join rebellious USC, UCLA, California, and possibly Stanford, in probable formation of new Big Five (see page 12). Mourner one realist: "The PCC is dead, Al, we're waiting for it in the funeral."

#### FOR THE RECORD

**BASKETBALL**—SAN DIEGO STATE, 100 Southwestern Oklahoma, 52-56, NAIA title, 1/10/58, Tucson.

**BASEBALL**—THAILAND, over U.S., 7-0, Thomas Cup tournament semifinal, Singapore.

**BOATING**—LINWELL, H.S., Canadian Secondary Schools Rowing Assn title, with 84 pts., St. Catharines, Ont.

**BOWLING**—ABC tournament, Syracuse, N.Y. 811, FURBER and JAMES FRENICK, St. Louis, doubles title, with 1,214.

**BOXING**—CLEVELAND WILLIAMS, 13-round decision over Fremont Daniels, Indianapolis, Hoosier.

**BRJAN LONDON**, 8-round KO over Don Evans, for British Empire Lightweight title, London.

**DAVE CHARNLEY**, 15-round decision over Tony Lopez, lightweight, London.

**DOG SHOW**—MERRYBOND DUKE GEORGE, 194 English sheep dog, owned and handled by Mrs. Marion D. Kuster, Norwalk, Conn., best-in-show, Greenwich (Conn.) Kennel Club.

**HARNESS RACING**—GERTEN HANOVER, 201, 160 Jubilee Pace, 7 m., 3 lengths, in 2:02 1/4, Rossmore Racing Club, Illinois, driver.

**HORSE RACING**—BORNASTAR, 159,230 Belmont J. H., 1 m., 18 2/5 lengths, in 1:54 1/5, Belmont, Washington P. R. New Church up.

**CLARION BRID**, 218,382 Queen's Plate, 7 1/2 m., by 5 1/2 lengths, in 2:04 7/8, Woodbine, Toronto, Al Cox up.

**INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS**—JUNIOR JOHNSON, Honda, N.C., NASCAR 100-m. Grand Nat'l, on 1:10:45, with 84.75 mph average, in Ford, Columbia, S.C.

**JEAN BARRELA**, French, Team sports car Grand Prix, in Porsche, Rouen-up, Graham Hill, British, in Lotus, Alan Stacey, British, in Lotus.

**HARRY CARTER**, 2, Sudbury, Mass., 15-m. regional SCCA feature, with 54.79 mph average, in D Jig, Thompson Motors, Conn. Raceway, Quinn, Andover, Framingham, Mass., in Ferrari 250, 37.32 mph.

**LARSEN**—SOUTH, over North, 24-5, college all-star game, Garden City, N.Y.

**SOCCER**—LOS ANGELES RICKERS, over Baltimore Pioneers, 2-1, U.S. Open title, Baltimore.

**TENNIS**—(Davis Cup, European Zone quarter-final) Brian S-P, Germany 0 Italy 2-Demarc 0 Poland 2-Mancos 2.

**TRACK & FIELD**—OCCIDENTAL, NAIA title, with 87 pts., San Diego.

**KANSAS**, Central Collegiate Conference title, with 66 pts., Milwaukee.

## faces in the crowd...



ROSALIND WYMAN, Los Angeles socialite and one of Dodgers' earliest and staunchest boosters, had good reason to grin after voters approved city's deal to put Walter O'Malley and his club into Chavez Ravine.

ARCHIE SAN ROMANI, 17-year-old Wichita schoolboy who ran 4:18.2 mile in Junior Olympics at Lawrence, Kan., comes by his ability naturally. His dad was nation's top college mile in 1935, ran in '36 Olympics.



JOE CARR, Dublin's machine-gun but happy haberdasher, drew gasp from rival Alan Thirlwell with 360-yard drive, 60-foot putt for eagle on 10th hole, won 3 and 2 for second British Amateur at St. Andrews.

MARIA BUENO, 18, eager Brazilian with bright tennis future, lost to Althea Gibson 6-1, 8-6 in Northern England final at Manchester, but earned praise from rival, who picked her as Wimbledon doubles partner.



DANA ZATOPKOVA, javelin winner in 1952 Olympics and wife of Emil Zatopka, retired Czech track star, has lost none of her spear-throwing skill, got off a toss of 182 feet 10 inches at Prague for new world record.

CARL OLSON, shilecoach who fired Pitt into track prominence and developed John Woodruff and Arnie Soule, announced his retirement after 26 years. His replacement: Assistant Carl Rees.



JOHNNY DAWSON, 55, onetime amateur star who "prayed that I'd have long enough to make it," made debut in U.S. Seniors' Golf Assn tournament at Rye, N.Y., put together rounds of 79 and 74 for 143 to win title.



**SPEEDING** John Surtees guides M. V. Augusta around bend to win senior Tourist Trophy with 88.63 mph at Isle of Man.



**DIZZY BULL**, after crashing into barrier, charges water truck which, oddly, was sent in to herd him out of Toledo ring.

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# X-RAY

Two of the American League's leading batters were injured during the week



**HEAVY HITTING** of Orioles' Bob Neuman (right) and Tigers' Harvey Kuenn has been among the bright spots for Baltimore and Detroit this season. Two years ago both batted well above .300, then slumped to the .270s in 1957. Last week Neuman was leading the league and Kuenn hitting .341 when both were sidelined by injuries.

## TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (4-11-57)	Season	Home	Work	
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Cincinnati	5-2	718	20-22	5
St. Louis	6-2	687	23-23	6
Los Angeles	4-2	647	25-18	7
San Francisco	3-3	580	18-19	6
Chicago	5-3	580	25-27	7
Philadelphia	2-4	553	27-19	10
Pittsburgh	2-6	496	24-25	8
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
New York	6-2	750	33-12	34
Boston	4-2	667	24-24	6
Kansas City	5-4	554	24-21	4
Washington	5-4	504	23-26	4
Baltimore	5-4	504	26-26	4
Detroit	5-2	490	24-24	4
Chicago	2-6	470	21-25	2
Cleveland	1-6	449	22-27	4

## TEAM LEADERS

Batting	Season	Home	Work	Pitching	Season
Temple	382	Covey	307	1 with	4
Green	300	Musall	419	Musall	41
Ford	208	Gilbert	225	Nail	9
May	177	May	424	May	34
Banks	440	Banks	326	Banks	16
Aaron	357	Covington	348	Mathews	17
Thomas	448	Arbuckle	344	Arbuckle	4
Thomas	382	Thomas	353	Thomas	36
Camp	373	Skowron	336	Martin	18
Williams	444	Barnett	254	James	13
Pres	405	Covey	303	Covey	15
Angels	400	Briggs	314	Seaver	10
Gardner	365	Neuman	357	Franklin	10
Kubie	364	Foster	340	Boone	6
Fox	321	Fox	342	Lollar	7
Reese	348	Ward	330	Mari	8

## HEROES AND GOATS

### THE SEASON (to June 7)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Mays SF 424	T Taylor CH 130
Batting (AL)	Neuman DET 357	Yost NY 188
Home runs	Thomas PH 36	Wynn NY 148
Bottom (NL)	(1 per 12 AB)	(in 100 AB)
Gave KC 15	Fox CH 6	Fox CH 6
(1 per 10 AB)	Ory CH 10	Ory CH 10
Pitching (NL)	Spahn NY 5-3	Ory CH 10
Pitching (AL)	Taylor NY 5-3	Ory CH 10
FRA (NL)	Spahn NY 5-3	Ory CH 10
FRA (AL)	Portocarrero DET 43	Ory CH 10
Complete	Spahn NY 5-3	Ory CH 10
Complete (NL)	(in 12 starts)	(in 12 starts)
Complete	Lady NY 9	Lady NY 9
Complete (NL)	(in 10 starts)	(in 10 starts)
Team NL (NL)	San Francisco 30	Washington 30
Team NL (AL)	New York 52	Philadelphia 157
Team NL (NL)	San Francisco 308	Philadelphia 157
Team NL (AL)	New York 52	Philadelphia 157
Team NL (NL)	San Francisco 308	Philadelphia 157
Team NL (AL)	New York 52	Philadelphia 157

### RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs	Team	Runs	Team
Banks, Ch (419)	45	32	77	
Mays, SF (424)	48	26	36	
Briggs, PH (314)	39	16	68	
Covey, SF (313)	40	25	85	
Smith, SF (330)	35	27	62	
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Covey, RF (307)	38	30	68	
F. R. King, DET (202)	26	30	53	
Gentel, Det (290)	27	25	50	
Neale, NY (307)	34	14	46	
Powell, KC (298)	29	29	48	
Jensen, DET (283)	23	25	46	

### THE ROOKIES

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Batting	Peacock NYY 252
Home runs	Marshall DET 3
Pitching	Marshall DET 11
	Gardner CH 5-3

## FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

**TROUT:** PENNSYLVANIA: FG/OG on Penn's Creek (SL April 7) with water N and Green Drake hatch in full swing. FG also in unstocked Postage Creek which last week yielded a 24-inch brown trout to Ben Stuart of Camp Hill.

**ATLANTIC SALMON:** NOVA SCOTIA: Water II, but OIG. Last week provincial salmon catch totaled 114. Medway saw 50 salmon killed. Lunenburg and St. Mary's 10, including 27-pounder.

**MAINE:** Down-Easters enjoying banner salmon season. Over 40 fish already taken from Narragansett River compared to 27 all of last year. FG also in Denys's, Machias, East Machias and Pleasant rivers, OVG.

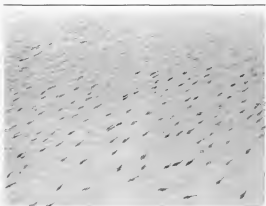
**WRAFFISH:** LOUISIANA: FG for 6-pounders all along coast.

**STRIPED BASS:** MASSACHUSETTS: Bass to 40 pounds now showing in Cape Cod Canal where live herring turn the trick. School fish still active at Mashpee Island, Wewamucco and Back rivers.

**NEW ZEALAND:** FG now at Sea Bright-Rumson bridge.

**BLUE MARLIN:** NORTH CAROLINA: Hatteras area still making marlin history. Since mid-May 14 blue marlin have fallen to rod and reel. Largest so far 580 pounds. Three have been over 300 pounds, 19 between 150 and 300 pounds. Morehead City-Cape Lookout area also productive with seven blue marlin boated; OVG.

**PACIFIC SALMON:** WASHINGTON: State Department of Fisheries Chief Mfin Moore will present unhappy salmon facts of life to meeting of State Sports Council at Wenatchee June 14-15. Moore plans to show that salmon fishing on downgrade from Alaska to California, that catch weights are off and entire runs disappearing. Part of problem is pollution and shrinking salmon "pasturage." But overfishing by ever-growing army of anglers also taking heavy toll. In spite of revolutionary fresh-water rearing techniques, Moore says. "We despair of getting enough eggs to restock rivers." At Wenatchee meeting he will present sportsmen with some hard alternatives. They must agree to release all immature salmon under 18 inches and support attempts to reduce daily possession limit or face probable several-year shutdown of salmon fishing.



### TUNA BY THE TON

Thousands of 400- to 600-pound tuna like those shown in the aerial photograph above visited the First International Bahamas Tuna Match at Cat Cay last week, and nine three-angler teams reeled 32 of them for a staggering seven-ton aggregate catch. This was a decided contrast to the three tuna taken by eight teams last September in the 14th International Tuna Cup Match at Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. The five-day-long Bahamas tournament was won by the Bahamas team of Dr. F. G. Walton Smith, John Bethel and James Robertson. They hoisted six tuna for a total of 2,949 pounds including the biggest of the

match (and the season) a 642-pounder. Argentina followed with six summer fish. Puerto Rico had five tuna, Venezuela four, Mexico four, U.S. three, Peru two, and Cuba and Cat Cay one each. Despite these successes, there was no immediate indication that the Bahamas match would supplant the recently tuna-erased Wedgeport contest. Fishing technique differs substantially between the two sites, and in addition Wedgeport has developed a truly international sporting tradition. Nonetheless, the Bahamian feat does generate speculation as to how long a tuna match can survive in the face of a famine.

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## COMING EVENTS

June 18 to 22

- \* **Television**
- \* **Cable television**
- \* **Network radio**
- All times E.T. except where otherwise noted

### Friday, June 15

- AUTO RACING**  
NASCAR Grand National Division 100-mile Race, 8 p.m., Rochester
- BASEBALL**  
National College Championships, Omaha (through June 17)
- BOXING**  
\* Harold Carter vs. Wally Brunhoff, heavyweights, 10 rds., Madison Square Garden, New York, 9 p.m. (NBC)
- HORSE RACING**  
(Trotters)  
The Thoroughbred (pace), \$5,000, Eldorado, Ohio  
Hoffa Pacing Derby, \$15,000, Hastings, N.Y.
- TENNIS**  
Wimbledon Cup, England vs. U.S., Wimbledon, England (also June 14)
- TRACK & FIELD**  
NCAA Championships, Berkeley, Calif. (also June 14)  
All-American Corps Championships, Camp Lejeune, N.C.

### Saturday, June 16

- AUTO RACING**  
\* SCCA National Championship Race, Lime Rock, Conn. (also June 15, NBC)\*
- BASEBALL**  
\* Baltimore Orioles vs. Chicago White Sox, Baltimore, 2 p.m. (NBC)
- \* St. Louis Cardinals vs. Milwaukee Braves, St. Louis, 7:15 p.m. (NBC)
- BOATING**  
Newport to Bermuda 435-mile Ocean Race, Detroit Memorial, collected hydro, Detroit (also June 15)  
(Crew)  
Harvard-Yale Race, Thames River, New London, Conn.  
Wassenaar vs. California, Madison, Wis.
- GOLF**  
\* U.S. Open (final day), \$30,000, Tulsa, Okla. (NBC)\*
- HORSE RACING**  
\* Metropolitan Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)  
The Citicorp, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 m., Belmont-Park, Washington Park, Ill.  
\* El Comodoro Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/8 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 3:00 p.m. (NBC)  
The Robert Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr-olds, 6 f., Monmouth Park, N.J., 5:45 p.m. (NBC)  
(Trotters)  
\* Monitor Special Haresse Race, Westbury, N.Y., 10:20 p.m. (NBC)
- TENNIS**  
Professional Tournament, Forest Hills, N.Y. (through June 22)

### Sunday, June 17

- AUTO RACING**  
USAC Big Car 160-mile Championship Race, Langhorne, Pa.  
NASCAR Grand National Division 160-mile Race, 4 p.m., Reading, Pa.
- BASEBALL**  
\* New York Yankees vs. Detroit Tigers, New York, 4 p.m. (CBS)
- BOATING**  
American Power Boat Association Canoe Country River Marathon, Greerwood, Utah.
- MOTORCYCLING**  
American Motorcycle Association 16-mile National Race, \$4,000, Hershey, Pa.
- WALKING**  
National 40-kilometer Walk Championship, Pittsburgh.

### Monday, June 18

- BOATING**  
Lipton Intercollegiate Team Boating Race, Newport Harbor, Calif. (also June 17)

### BOXING

- \* Frankie Roff vs. Tenney Tibbs, lightweight, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (DuMont)

### HORSE RACING

- The National Stakes, \$15,000, 3-yr-olds colts and geldings, 6 f., Belmont Park, N.Y. (Trotters)
- Reading Futurity (3-yr-old trot), \$17,500, Laurel, Md.

### TENNIS

- National Intercollegiate Championships, Annapolis, Md. (through June 22)
- U.S. 17A Intercollegiate Championships, Charlottesville, Va. (through June 21)

### Tuesday, June 19

- HORSE RACING**  
Murray Stakes, \$20,000, 2-yr-olds (filles), 5 1/2 f., Hollywood Park, Calif. (Trotters)  
Reading Futurity (3-yr-old pace), \$17,500, Laurel, Md.
- NOVEL**  
Chadwater Roundup, \$2,000, Chadwater, Texas (through June 20)

### Wednesday, June 20

- BASEBALL**  
\* Chicago White Sox vs. Boston Red Sox, Chicago, 7:20 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOATING**  
Intercollegiate Dugout Championships, Newport Harbor, Calif. (through June 20)
- BOXING**  
\* Yusef Rakama vs. Kid Gordon, middleweights, 10 rds., Moon's Beach, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HORSE RACING**  
Mossy Isle, \$15,000, 3-yr-olds (filles), 6 f., Arlington Park, Washington Park, Ill.  
The Shards, \$20,000, 3-yr-olds, 7 f., Belmont Park, N.Y.

### Thursday, June 21

- BASEBALL**  
\* Pittsburgh Pirates vs. San Francisco Giants, Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- GOLF**  
Barron Open, \$50,000, Grand Blain, Mich. (through June 22)  
Women's Western Open, \$5,000, Erie, Pa. (through June 22)
- HORSE RACING**  
Hollywood Oaks, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds (filles), 1 1/8 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.

### Friday, June 22

- BOXING**  
\* Moe DeJohn vs. Bob Baker, heavyweights, 10 rds., Syracuse, N.Y., 9 p.m. (NBC)\*
- HORSE RACING**  
(Trotters)  
The Veenendaal (pace), \$5,000, Hamilton, Ohio  
The Devotion, 2-yr-old (pace) \$15,000, Reading, N.Y.  
Reading Futurity (3-yr-old pace), \$17,500, Laurel, Md.
- TRACK & FIELD**  
National AAU Outdoor Championships, Bakersfield, Calif. (also June 21)

### Saturday, June 23

- AUTO RACING**  
National SCCA Road America Race, Elkhart, Wis. (also June 22)
- BASEBALL**  
\* Detroit Tigers vs. New York Yankees, Detroit, 7:30 p.m. (NBC)  
\* Philadelphia Phillies vs. San Francisco Giants, Philadelphia, 7:45 p.m. (CBS)  
\* Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, Pittsburgh, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOATING**  
(Crew)  
Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta, Syracuse, N.Y.
- HORSE RACING**  
\* Coaching Club American Oaks, \$60,000, 3-yr-olds (filles), 1 1/8 m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)  
Ingwood Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/8 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.  
Ohio Derby, \$27,500, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/8 m., Thistle Downs, Ohio
- TENNIS**  
Kistner Clay Court Championships, Harkness, N.J. (through June 29)

### Sunday, June 24

- BASEBALL**  
\* Chicago White Sox vs. Baltimore Orioles, Chicago, 2:15 p.m. (CBS)  
\* Milwaukee Braves vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Milwaukee, 8:05 p.m. (Mutual)
- GOLF**  
NCAA Championships, Williamsport, Penn. (through June 28)

\*See local listing



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# SHED A TEAR FOR TIM TAM

by WHITNEY TOWER

**But save a rousing cheer for Cavan, the Irish colt who sprang the racing upset of 1958 in winning the 90th Belmont Stakes over the courageous champion of Calumet**

BELMONT DAY was to have been one of those rare occasions when great turf history would be unfolded: the winning of the classic Belmont Stakes at a mile and a half—and with it the Triple Crown—by Calumet Farm's Tim Tam, that seemingly invincible colt whose honesty and skill at his work recalled only the finest of our true champions. But Belmont Day instead turned into a day of delightfully surprised Irish faces when Cavan romped home a six-length winner—and a day of doleful tragedy when Tim Tam, after turning for home head and head with Cavan and ready at the top of the stretch to make his run for the wire one of the most unforgettable of the season, suddenly fractured a bone in his right foreleg and eliminated himself from any chance of bringing off Calumet's third Triple Crown sweep.

In the electrifying swiftness of any horse race it is difficult for even the trained eye of the expert to focus accurately on the wide panorama of distant action. And so it is doubtful that more than a very few in the packed stands (those few who daily live and work with these exquisitely delicate animals) could have diagnosed the trouble with Tim Tam as Cavan drew out with style and class to win the Belmont; probably not many more appreciated the tremendous courage that welled up inside Tim Tam, drawn from intangible reserves built up by generations of the

purest racing blood, and urged this young colt to run nearly all of the last quarter of a mile in a distress so obviously painful that he could have been excused for pulling himself up rather than running his heart out in a losing cause.

This 90th Belmont Stakes will be forever remembered as having been won by a promising fine-looking newcomer and yet lost by a colt who seemed destined from birth for greatness. Notwithstanding Cavan's excellent race, the day belonged to Tim Tam, and before it was over Belmont Day had brought silent sadness to thousands. The sight of any horse breaking down is sickening enough, but it hurts a little more when it's the champion going out, hobbling painfully (as Tim Tam did) through a gate far from the crowd, and then being subjected to the stares of sympathetic well-wishers and the non-sentimental touch of the professional healers.

No man felt this tragedy quite the way it descended upon Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones, who is as sound and realistic a philosopher as he is a sound and realistic horseman. A few days before the race a friend had suggested to Jimmy that Tim Tam may have been lucky in winning a few of his races. The comment reminded the Calumet trainer of a remark he had picked up from successful Track Owner Gene Mori. "Somebody asked me if I hadn't been pretty lucky lately,"

was the way Mori told it. "And I replied to them that, yes, it did seem funny, but that the harder I worked the luckier I seemed to get."

Nothing ever applied more aptly to Jimmy Jones, who had worked to the bone to bring Tim Tam his championship. As the colt grazed on the grass outside Barn 41 after the leg had been bandaged, Jimmy chatted quietly to a few friends. "I can't stand this happening to any horse, no matter how good he may be, but when it had to happen to Tim Tam it just takes everything out of you." He looked over at his injured horse and, lowering his head, added, "It would make a man cry if he had a cry in him." Later, when Dr. William Wright examined the X-rays, they proved beyond doubt that Tim Tam had sustained a fracture of the sesamoid bone in his ankle—an injury that would sideline him for at least six months and most likely forever—Jones was rightfully a man who did have a cry in him.

During the days just before the race, the nearly unanimous feeling around Belmont Park was that if Tim Tam couldn't win the big one, the only colt in the field of eight who possibly could was the Irish-bred Cavan, a sturdy, handsome chestnut who had popped out of near obscurity the previous week by running away with the mile-and-an-eighth Peter Pan Handicap.

*continued on page 36**Photographs by Jerry Cooke*

**USUALLY UNSENTIMENTAL.** Trainer Jimmy Jones (right) could not stifle his emotion after learning of Tim Tam's fractured bone. Jockey Valenzuela offers sympathy.



# GIANTS: A SMASH HIT

**The melodramatic masterpieces the Giants are staging have won the heart of San Francisco. Win or lose, Willie Mays and Company are playing thrilling baseball by ROBERT CREAMER**

WHEN the San Francisco Giants win, people ask: "Are they real? How much longer can this last?"

When the Giants lose, people say: "Guess the bubble's finally burst, hey? They'll find their level now, all right."

What people don't seem to realize is that it really doesn't matter very much any more. It isn't important that the Giants finish first or a close second; and it won't hurt too much if they subside quietly into the second division.

The important thing is: the Giants have won. They've solidified their beachhead in San Francisco, broadened it, taken a firm grasp on the future. Granted, it would be even better if they were to stay in the fight for the pennant all season, but it doesn't matter. The Giants are in.

They've been the one truly exciting element in the baseball picture this spring. Their striking early success on the field saved baseball's move to California from turning into something of a sordid fiasco. Remember that the Giants, who had finished sixth the past two seasons, were not supposed to do much better than that this year. The expectation was that Los Angeles' Dodgers would give California a pennant pretender for at least another year or two and that maybe then the Giants would start moving up. But the Dodgers, as the world knows, have been a colossal flop. If the Giants had turned out as poorly as anticipated, California might well have been completely soured on major league baseball.

Instead, the Giants are in clover, with plans all set and final contracts

just about ready for signing on their new 50,000-seat stadium at Candlestick Point on the bay, in the southeast corner of the city. Taxpayer suits against the contracts, which appear to be in Walter O'Malley's future in Los Angeles, are only a minor threat in San Francisco. The attorney for one group which had earlier announced plans for a suit was quoted in the *San Francisco Chronicle* last week as saying that the suit probably would not be filed. "For one thing," he said, "the Giants' success makes it an unpopular undertaking."

Scene hold that the Giants' success was also a factor in helping the Dodgers win their referendum in Los Angeles, the theory being that the Los Angeles, no matter how disgusted he might be with financial maneuvering, political promises and the awful performance of the Dodgers, simply could not let San Francisco get away with all that glory.

What San Francisco was getting was not so much glory as it was performance, a succession of unbelievably exciting ball games. While Los Angeles sat on its hands, watching the

32-YEAR-OLD HANK BAUER'S CRASHING SLIDE MAKES PHILADELPHIA FIELDER HOP



ORLANDO DEPEÑA, THE EXCITING PUERTO



# IN SAN FRANCISCO

listless Dodgers stumble through one humbling defeat after another (although they did turn on Milwaukee and rend the World Champions last week, possibly indicating a revival). San Francisco sat on the edge of its seat watching one spectacular game after another.

And it was more than just San Francisco, more than just the people watching in 25,000-seat Seals Stadium. KSFO radio broadcasts of the game are heard throughout the heavily populated San Francisco Bay area, and they are picked up and rebroadcast by stations as far south as Fresno, as far east as Reno, as far north as Crescent City, up near the Oregon border, 300 miles away. Practically all of California north of Los Angeles was entertained by the derring-do of the Giants.

It was something to be entertained by. The pitching was too thin and the hitting was too youthful, but the heart was big and the Giants simply never were out of a ball game. (The most notable example of this, of course, was against Pittsburgh in

*continued on page 55*

## THE TOWN IS HOOKED

The effect of baseball's Great Diaspora on the people of San Francisco has been, as we say in the West, something to pass the chocolates about.

Old ladies atop Nob Hill are tardy with their tating because Russ Hodges, mellifluous as ever, has entered their lives.

Their men, who haven't thought about baseball since a ferocious old Irishman named McGraw dominated the game, wonder if Orlando Cepeda is a flash in the pan.

The downtown brokers, the only men who wear vests in the city, study the Dow-Jones ticker with a show of interest, before they sneak a guilty sidelong scowl at the just-installed sports wire.

Longshoremen, who lay off work when they please, tote portable radios to Aquatic Park, soak up sun and listen to the crack of bats.

Bartenders are becoming as learned as Erasmus in the minutiae of triples to date, runs batted in and the private life of Willie Mays.

Models who skitter around in cho-

mises in the elegant parlors of Maiden Lane have been known, eyes batting prettily, to ask their escorts, "Who was hit today?"

A sportswriter for one of the mornings busted a gusset describing a Giant victory: "The way it was accomplished, like a painter adding tints to the sunset over the Golden Gate, gave the game that master's touch and made it a candidate for the Louvre."

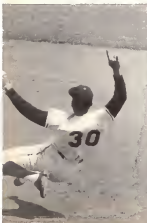
A housewife in suburban San Mateo, for many years a client of the Brooklyn, had a badge trained to shout, "Come on, Bums." She loyally switched allegiance when Les Giants came here in April. Now the creature caws, "Come on, Willie."

The town is hooked.

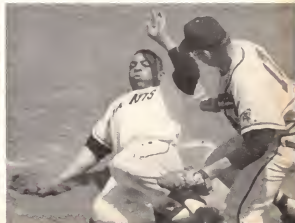
The Giants, as of the first quarter of the season, have given us all a notable civic strut. San Francisco has been saying for decades that it is big league. In its secret heart it has never been quite sure. These days it is. A winner will do wonders.

CHARLES B. MCCABE  
in the New York Herald Tribune

HIGAN ROOKIE. FLIES INTO SECOND BASE



INCOMPARABLE WILLIE MAYS, HATLESS AS USUAL, PUFFS ACROSS HOME PLATE



**SPECTACLE**

*Photographed by Marvin E. Newman*

## *Lew and Pancho Serve up Tennis at its Very Best*

**Nearly a year after their first pro  
encounter at Forest Hills, Hoad and  
Gonzales meet there again, after  
a long cross-country tour**

**Y**EAR after year the professional tour displays the grace and agility and power and endurance of championship tennis at its best. This year's stars—Pancho Gonzales of Los Angeles and Lew Hoad of Australia—are no exception, as the pictures on the following four pages prove. The long, movement-blurred figure in the foreground on the opposite page is the 6-foot 3-inch frame of Gonzales, the champion. In the opposite court Hoad is alert and wary, as a challenger of Gonzales should be.

For 20 weeks the two have been meeting night after night on the canvas courts of Promoter Jack Kramer's World Tennis, Inc. In the early weeks Hoad built up a lead which reached the startling proportion of 18 matches to 9. Then Gonzales began the long, enervating and eventually successful business of overtaking him. A fortnight ago, with Gonzales leading 48 to 34, Hoad was forced out of the tour for five matches by new trouble with an old back injury. Returning last week, he alternated between playing brilliantly and not playing at all—and so the 100-match contest may not be legally concluded until after the end of the American tour, which comes to its climax at the pros' annual round-robin tournament at Forest Hills this week. It was there last year—at the very start of the Hoad-Gonzales rivalry—that the photographs on the following pages were taken.

*Leaping to get set for Gonzales' next shot, Lew Hoad is  
suspended for a moment, separated from his shadow by air*



*Serving with tremendous force, leaning into his game, taking a spill, Hoad is all action. Gonzales, erect and impassive, is all technique, long learned and automatic. But both men show equally the quality no good tennis player can be without: concentration.*









*B*ad bounces, bad calls, bad luck—all can be borne with good grace. But a bad shot of his own brings Hoad a visible moment of pain.

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## *Across the River and over the Trees*

**J**UST 25 years after Buck Rogers first streaked across the country's comic pages propelled by his personal rocket belt, the thing has actually been invented by three young scientists in Denville, N.J. They call it a Jump Belt, which sounds as handy as an automatic clutch; but you don't just run one through the loops in your trousers. You attach it to your body with "straps and belts and things," according to Alexander H. Bohr and Harry Burdett Jr., two of its inventors, who are vague about details because they haven't got them all patented yet. Then you blast off, and the thrust of the rocket on your back counteracts gravity so that you are virtually weightless. You can leap a river, spring lightly up a mountain or run like the wind. Pushed along by his rocket, one man was clocked at a speed which would have given him an under-two-minute mile if he hadn't run out of fuel.

Burdett and Bohr are members, naturally, of the American Rocket Society and are employed by the Reaction Motors Division of the Thiokol Chemical Corp., on whose New Jersey testing grounds the Jump Belt was developed. Their work was called Project Grasshopper.

"We have both tried the belt ourselves," says Bohr, "and the interesting thing is that anybody can use it the first time out. You get a sensation of being lifted, something like you get in a high-speed elevator, and suddenly your leg muscles have an extraordinary power to move you about."

"How long does it last? Well, let's say that at present it has a rather limited range. But the fuel burns out gradually, so that if you happen to

be in mid-air, the rocket lets you gently down to earth. And it is easy to recharge."

Can the Jump Belt be used in sports? "Not in team sports like football," says Burdett. "The blast from your rocket won't hurt you, but a

group of people in rocket belts would have to be careful not to blast each other. The belt ought to work for skin-divers, though—the fuel burns in water as well as in air. Maybe the water skiers could use it too,

*continued*



"Attention, woe ther Walter, we must not now get knocked out of the box."

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

and not have to be towed by a boat."

"It will also work in outer space," said Bohr.

The armed forces have shown interest in Jump Belts, which Bohr and Burdett say can be produced at "reasonable cost." They admit, though, that so far only the government is likely to find the cost reasonable. For people who just want to get from tee to green in a few giant steps, or spring to the roof to adjust the TV antenna, or soar over the rush-hour crowd, the price of weightlessness as yet would be rather high.

### Winning Pitcher: O'Malley

THE OLD PRO had kept himself out of the lineup. Working in a strange league, apparently he felt that he didn't know the hitters. Even when it began to look like anybody's ball game, he sat tight and waited to see if somebody else couldn't pitch his way out of the spot.

The spot was this: the fate of the Los Angeles Dodgers lay with some highly unpredictable voters. Nobody could tell the old pro named Walter O'Malley just how things would go. But when Warren Giles, president of the National League, warned the voters that they had better approve the Chavez Ravine site or lose the team entirely, Old Pro O'Malley sensed that the opposition was getting to his pitcher. They don't like ultimatums in Los Angeles. There was just one thing to do. Walter O'Malley called himself out of the bullpen.

With a dazzling display of curves

and changeups, O'Malley went to work on the voters. He called a press conference and, while taking the sting out of Giles's ultimatum, he left the vaguely disturbing implication that maybe Giles wasn't bluffing. Suddenly, he was on more TV shows than Betty Furness. Waving his big fat cigar, he turned on the O'Malley charm. He gave his viewers warmth and dignity and, using a blackboard and pointer, he gave them O'Malley-style facts. He participated in a jolly television marathon with big name stars like Jack Benny and created an image of a gentle, kindly, fatherly type who wanted nothing in this world (at the moment) but 300 acres of city property to build happiness and parking space for all. A remote pickup from a citizen in the street brought the challenge, just as it probably said in the script: "Mr. O'Malley, who is going to pay for sewers and drains in Chavez Ravine, you or the city?" Walter O'Malley removed his cigar and replied ever so softly: "The Dodgers . . . and we are happy to do it."

The five-hour television show concluded with a switch to the airport and a wildly enthusiastic reception of the last-place Dodgers by 7,500 fans. Was it a stage-managed climax to O'Malley's big inning? Try to prove it in court.

Anyway, it did the trick. The voters approved Chavez Ravine by a margin of 24,283 and, give or take a couple of law suits, Walter O'Malley was free to rest the old arm until it was needed again.

### Secession!

FOR WEST COAST sports fans it was a history-making week. While the citizens of Los Angeles County were voting for baseball in Chavez Ravine, other inhabitants of the area were quietly undermining the last supports of the established order in college sports on the West Coast. As of last week, in all but the formalities, the Pacific Coast Conference was a thing of the past.

It has been a long past—dating back to 1915 when the University of California got together with two Oregon colleges and the University of Washington to form a coastwide athletic league. In the years that followed, the top football competition in the Far West was staged within the nine-college membership of the PCC, and its godchild, the annual Rose Bowl game, became the apotheosis of the American football year.

But the rivalries and struggles of the PCC were seldom long confined to the playing field. Two years ago they burst like a bladder in the austere alliances of the conference offices when four of the member colleges—Washington, USC, UCLA and the University of California—were slapped with heavy penalties for illegal recruiting. The first two were barred from championship competition for two years; the third for three. The fourth was fined \$25,000.

The old conference has never been quite the same. Soon afterward, the three California members announced that they would quit the PCC cold after the expiration of their current agreement in July 1959. Last week, prompted by an invitation from its neighbors to the south to join in a new West Coast alignment, another PCC founding father—the University of Washington—decided to join the secessionists. On June 19 the Board of trustees of Stanford University will have a meeting and may well decide to take the same step and join the other dissidents in the formation of a new West Coast Big Five.

If Stanford goes, all that remains of the old PCC will be Oregon, Oregon State, Washington State and

### They Said It

**DWIGHT EISENHOWER**, in very affable comment on the fact that even on the golf course he is never out of reach of dispatches: "When you get to the top of your backswing and someone yells, 'Nasser,' what are you going to do?" Even weekends? "Weekends I stay home with my wife."

**JOSEPHINE SADEKI**, after the Cardinals signed her son Ray to a bonus contract and the last of a dozen competing scouts had trooped out of her home: "I hope my next son is a minkie."

**ORRIN ISROTHSON**, sub-4-minute miler, after being criticized by British sportswriters for his plus-4-minute times this year: "They think that because they're ready to write in May we should all be ready to run."

Idaho. Said President August S. Strand of Oregon State: "We've just about had it."

### Little League Dept.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, the Band-Aid people, have put out a little booklet for Little Leaguers entitled *Baseball First-Aid Guide* which contains useful information for treating such expected ball field injuries as dislocated fingers and heat exhaustion, but there is one entry which sounds an unexpected note and which, indeed, may reveal a hitherto unpublished side of Little League play.

"The effect of human bites," the *Guide* notes laconically, "can be as serious as animal bites."

### Home Truths in Keokuk

THE MAN in the stands has often speculated on what ballplayers, managers and umpires say, boller and snarl at one another. He need not speculate any longer; now they can be heard! Set in a concrete housing beneath a perforated home plate in Joyce Park, home of the Keokuk (Iowa) Cardinals of the Class D Midwest League, is a microphone which picks up sounds made within a 30-foot radius. Monitored in the press box, these sounds are broadcast over



the park's public address system. The microphone was installed by Cardinal Manager Don Shupe to add interest and stir up the crowd, but, sad to relate, the crowds have been small and placid, the sounds disappointingly commonplace and discreet.

Say catchers to pitchers in Keokuk: "Let's shake it up" or "You're the baby!" or "Throw the old garbage in here." And what does the irate manager say to the umpire? In Keokuk he says: "Just because you missed one you don't have to make up for it

with another." Says the irate catcher to the umpire: "You saw that play. You can change it. That man was out. The ball was waiting for him." Replies the umpire: "Watch the mike."

All of which goes to show that if you tune in on Class D ballplayers, you get Class D chatter.

### Hail, the 'Columbia'

IT was the brightest, warmest day of the spring when this country's first America's Cup yacht to go down the ways in 21 years was launched at the Nevins Yacht Yard, City Island, New York last week. The *Columbia's* keel touched water at 1:06 p.m., E.D.T., June 3 outside the launching shed where a final shine had just been put to the 70 feet of white egg-smooth hull and gleaming brightwork.

Minutes before, Mrs. Henry Sears, wife of the No. 1 man in the New York Yacht Club's *Columbia* syndicate, had recited "I christen this boat *Columbia*, and may she sail with

great success," and had brought the champagne bottle down with a vigorous chop. The champagne spattered her green dress, Mrs. Sears blinked, the Nevins yard whistle blew, the horns of yachts in the harbor answered, and *Columbia* floated on the water with Sailing Master Fred Lawton at the wheel, a red rose from Mrs. Sears' bouquet in his lapel.

"Looks good," said a man on the dock to Briggs Cunningham, who was shortly to skipper *Columbia's* first run (see page 28). "They always look good alone," said Cunningham briskly.

Away from the crowd, a tall ramrod of a man watched until the towline had been thrown to *Columbia*, and then he stepped into a motor launch with his wife. "The best of luck to you all," called Mrs. Harold Vanderbilt as she sat down beside her husband. The engines gunned the launch out from the dock, and Harold Vanderbilt, 73, skipper of *Enterprise* ('30), *Rainbow* ('34), and *Rose-er* ('37), turned to watch as the first

continued



## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

New York Yacht Club cup boat to get under way without him in a generation moved easily off behind the tow boat.

### Travelers from the Triassic

THE duck-billed platypus is a curious, furry, semiaquatic mammal two feet in length when fully grown, with webbed feet and a broad and supple beak shaped much like a duck's. The female lays eggs, usually two, and suckles her young. The male has poisonous spurs on its hind feet, which it wields when fighting other platypuses. Fortunately, platypuses are placid. Duckbills are thought to have originated 150 million years ago in the last days of the Triassic Age, which makes them perhaps the oldest of surviving mammals. Until last weekend there were no platypuses, except mounted ones with glass eyes, outside of their native Australia. Then David Fleay, a tall, erect and apprehensive Australian naturalist under a straw hat, arrived in New York, accompanying Paul, Pamela and Patty, three baby platypuses which he had trapped and nourished. Pamela had a runny nose, Paul and Patty were tired, nervous and off their feed, David was in a bother; and no wonder—they had all just completed a formidable (for platypuses and a platypus minder) 10,000-mile, five-day journey from Fleay's Fauna Reserve in West Burleigh, Queensland to the Bronx Zoo.

"Platypuses," said Fleay by way of introduction, "are the most touchy, unpredictable, nervous creatures on the face of the earth." He stood in the basement of the zoo's bird house where the platypuses were hopefully recovering before going on public display. "They are very wary, which is, perhaps, why they have survived so long. They have no great array of teeth, you know."

Fleay selected a meal of live crawfish for the platypuses, which languished in their temporary platypusary, a covered box big enough to ship a Volkswagen in, containing an elaborate system of grass-filled burrows and a pool of muddy water. Fleay shone his flashlight on the water,

dumped the crawfish in and watched with satisfaction as they sank.

"That's a good little feed," he announced. "Ought to be some meat in that lot. Ah, they're a bit jaded and weary now, you know. What sort of noise do they make? Oh, hardly nothing now, of course. When they do it's a sort of querulous growl, like a broody hen pulled off her eggs."

Fleay and the platypuses started their journey by automobile from West Burleigh to Brisbane on June 3. From Brisbane they took a plane to Sydney where a platypusary was awaiting them. At Sydney they were delayed for two perilous days; the platypuses munched away their precisely allocated food supply and the desperate Fleay had to send for replenishments. All told, Paul, Pamela and Patty ate 10,000 earthworms, 5,000 meal grubs and 500 crawfish en route. "There we were in Sydney," Fleay recalled with a degree of horror, "sitting in a busy airport with engines revving all about us—the noise!—not at all good for portable platypuses from the backlots; you know, the quiet river systems where all they hear is an occasional kookabarra or the roar of floodwaters."

Fleay finally took off for Fiji with the platypusary cushioned against vibration by a rubber mattress. "But," Fleay said, "the four great engines were hawking and I couldn't instill the poor little beggars against that. They went off their feed."

The plane made stops at Canton Island and Honolulu before arriv-

ing in Los Angeles on June 6. "The animals were getting progressively worse," Fleay said. "They were entirely off their feed. All in all, they were in a bad way."

Fleay's flight plan called for him to travel by slow cargo plane to New York but Paul was panicking badly, and Fleay was genuinely alarmed that he would lose all three unless he could leave Los Angeles at once and nonstop. He therefore transferred the platypuses from the platypusary into individual traveling cases and persuaded United Airlines to put them all on the next passenger flight to New York. United was delighted. "They deserve a pat on the back," Fleay said. "The platypuses would have surely died otherwise. I assure you, we got here just in the nick of time. Take my advice, never have anything to do with platypuses. I say without exaggeration that I experienced some of the very worst moments of my life during the last few days."

### Thanks for the Break

THE first official consequence of the hideous fiasco of twisted steel and sudden death that marred the start of the Indianapolis "500" two weeks ago was the prompt suspension of Race Driver Ed Elisian, an erratic leadfoot and the man deemed most responsible for the chain-reaction crash. "He jeopardized his own life as well as the lives of others," said Duane Carter, racing director for the United States Automobile Club, who imposed the penalty.

Last week Carter's superiors, the USAC's board of directors, took another look at the facts of the case and decided to give Elisian another chance. Race Director Carter, they said, was quite right to suspend the driver. "The safety of our competitors demands prompt action of the sort he took even if it works a temporary injustice." Nevertheless, the board opined, the facts simply did not warrant Elisian's continued suspension. "He will continue to drive on a provisional license."

"Thanks," said Ed Elisian, "for giving me a break."



### Weighty Attitude

"Now a baseball weighs only five ozs.,"  
So a sporting anorak says;  
But there's many a game  
Will depend, all the same,  
Upon which way that five ozs. bears.

—HARVEY L. CARTER

## LEADERSHIP TIP FROM THE U.S. PAST

THIS MAGAZINE lamented, in its review of the U.S. fitness program (SI, May 26), that while the President's Council on Youth Fitness has generated enthusiasm for its aims by propagandizing the problem in the last 23 months, it has not yet produced anything that can truly be called a plan of action to solve the problem.

How can it, readers have asked, when the President's council has no lawmaking powers, no police powers and no important money?

Well, we think there is a way, and a good way—a way that has a remarkable precedent in U.S. history. Let the President's new fitness chairman, Interior Secretary Fred Seaton, and his fellow fitness officials turn back the pages to 1924, when the nation was just taking to the roads in automobiles. The public knew very little about driving, and drivers found different habits and customs and regulations in practically every state and locality through which they steered their cars. Police and law-makers and highway departments had very little experience in handling their new problems. Herbert Hoover was Secretary of Commerce and he went to work. Within months, with the help of a variety of experts, he had produced a sensible and uniform code for state and local highway legislation and regulation and had circulated it to state and local lawmakers. In quick time, and with eagerness, Hoover's Uniform Code was adopted from coast to coast, and an effective program was achieved—despite the fact that Secretary Hoover had no lawmaking powers, no police powers and no important money.

Hoover's Uniform Code dealt with such things as traffic control, road engineering and road signs. With the same kind of leadership, Secretary Seaton and the President's council could produce a Uniform Fitness Code. We believe that states and cities and clubs and school boards everywhere would be grateful to follow the leader. Essentially, the code would set clear and simple doctrine on questions like these:

What fitness tests should be given to every child?

At what intervals should children be re-tested?

What essential activities should be included in physical education programs at various ages?

What minimum equipment should each school have for a proper physical education program?

What minimum requirements should physical education instructors have?

How should community recreation directors cooperate with the schools on fitness?

These are just a few. We can think of others, and so can the council—when it realizes that the noise of propaganda, substituted for leadership, merely confuses and finally deafens even the most sympathetic ear.



FRED SEATON, Secretary of the Interior and chairman of the President's Fitness Council, could take a 34-year-old cue.



COMMERCE SECRETARY in 1925, Herbert Hoover brought order out of highway chaos, produced Hoover Uniform Code.



## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

### FASHION'S TRIPLE CROWN

The sun shone on the Epsom Derby for the first time in 10 years. It shone just as brightly at Belmont, where for the first time in 10 years a run at the Triple Crown was being made (see page 12). No two days this spring gave the fashion-minded sports photographer a better chance

to record the freshest new fashions since Dior's New Look 10 years ago. In England, royal approval was given to the trapeze. On Long Island, the best-dressed spectators avoided the sack in favor of the trapeze and trapeze-inspired lines at June's most elegant sporting event.

*Photographed by Jerry Coats*

**TRAPEZE, TRIPLE-CROWNED:** Queen Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and Queen Mother (left to right) wore trapeze coats at Epsom. Queen's was wool, the others silk.



**MRS. HORATIO LURO** at Belmont wore raspberry confection of a trapeze coat in the season's favorite fabric, mohair, with the season's pet decoration, a bowknot.



**MRS. WINSTON GUEST**, always on best-dressed list, is dressed by Mainbocher. Her suit is of navy-and-white silk herringbone tweed, its jacket unfitted in line.





GARY LATIMER'S black-piped natural linen suit came from Hattie Carnegie, has loose-lap jacket with flap pockets at waist, slim skirt. Miss Latimer is Mrs. Luro's daughter.



MRS. WILLIAM T. VOGT, shown in clubhouse at Belmont, wore gray menswear worsted suit with straight, abbreviated jacket, short sleeves, deep-pleated trapeze skirt.



MR. AND MRS. KENNETH IVES were paddock's best-dressed couple, he in a double-breasted suit with straw boater, she in red-and-white jacquard-print silk.



MRS. A. F. BYERS wore a balloon-bloused silk suit, scatter-printed in navy on white. Her snap-brim straw is a new shape among the favored small hats in the Belmont paddock.



MRS. ANTHONY DEL BALSO'S coat is a softly tailored version of trapeze styling made of beige-and-yellow hound's-tooth check tweed. Her pillbox is beige organdy.



DONNA WESTPHAL'S bridge-crope chemise dress has loose three-quarter-length sleeves, a white squared collar and a bow at the slightly fitted high waistline.

Photographs by Morris Rosenfeld

## ON THE WAY TO NEWPORT

Watched intently by her designer and sailmakers aboard the motor yacht *Casperone* (right, above) the crew of the spanking-new America's Cup yacht *Columbia* unfolded her big white Dacron sails off New York City last week, barely three days after she was launched before a good chunk of sailing's four hundred, including old Cup Skipper Harold Vanderbilt himself. *Columbia's* crew last week was in a hurry. Although she was the first new U.S. cup yacht in 21 years (her rivals *Weatherly* and *Easterner* would be afloat within the month), the speedy veteran *Vix* had been under sail for six weeks, and, even worse, the British challenger *Sceptre* had a 60-day jump in training her crew.

Before *Columbia* could have a chance to outfight her U.S. rivals and win the right to defend the cup against *Sceptre* in September off Newport, R.I., *Columbia's* rigging would have to be tuned precisely as piano strings, her sails checked endlessly for correct cut and, most important of all, her crew melded into a fast-functioning sail-handling machine.

On her maiden sail, while *Columbia* spun back and forth across Long Island Sound, the observers kept a two-way radio humming with instructions. *Columbia's* crew responded, hoisting and lowering sail combinations, trimming and slackening the sheets. "Best performance I've seen for a crew out the first day," said one salt among the spectators. "I've seen boats train for months without getting that kind of handling." *Columbia* had gotten off fast in the long, long grind toward the flawless coordination of men and sail which means win or lose from now through September.

**WORLD RECORD** outboard speed mark was set last week by flashy, finned hydroplane RX-3 driven by Hugh Entrop (at left in picture below), who slashed across Seattle's Lake

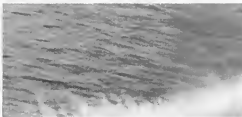


**SQUINTING** out at *Columbia* as the guests bow of their motor launch, Sailmaker Colin Ratsey, Designer Olin Stephens, Advisor Cenny Shields and Sailmaker Ernest Ratsey make mental



**LUFFING** up alongside motor launch, *Columbia* Skipper Briggs Cunningham brings yacht to standstill after hard afternoon's work and keeps eye on sails as James Haslam takes

Washington at 107.821 mph to bring title to U.S. Record was especially notable since Entrop used stock Mercury 60-hp engine while former record holder Massimo Loto di Priolo of Italy





notes on performance of boat as guide to corrections necessary to increase yacht's speed for coming elimination trials.



the throw line while Naval Architect Paul Cable, Engineer Gil Wyland (in cockpit) and Robert Pettway stand by.



"COLUMBIA" RUNS SMOOTHLY ALONG WITH HUGE SPINNAKER BILLOWING FORWARD

used 162-hp supercharged engine to set mark of 109.3 in 1956. RX-3 was designed by Entrop, Jack Leek and famed hull specialist Ted Jones of Seattle and was first successful outboard

to ride with stern completely out of water, supported only by whirling propeller in manner of Jones-designed Gold Cup hull which took world isboard record away from British in 1959.





THE PORTLAND'S PORTALS ARE SUITABLY AUSTERE

## THE PORTLAND'S WORD IS LAW

**On a visit to London, America's premier bridge expert is the guest of a distinguished peer at the shrine of the game**

by CHARLES GOREN

**L**AST MONTH in London, where my business was connected with the plan to bring the now 10-year-old contract bridge laws up to date, I visited the headquarters of England's lawmakers for whist, for bridge and now for contract: the venerable, aristocratic and exceedingly exclusive Portland Club, situated on Charles Street in the heart of Mayfair not far from Berkeley Square.

Contract bridge is the one card game with laws that are not subject to change by individual whim or local option. Its laws are made for the players but not by them nor even by

their duly elected representatives.

In return for this somewhat undemocratic procedure, however, a contract bridge player can cut into a game anywhere in the world with no need to learn a new set of house rules and with no worry that his seemingly unbeatable hand might be wrecked because an opponent produces a joker, or the ace of a strange green suit he never saw before.

Who makes these bridge laws?

Several august groups collaborate to insure that the bridge code will be international. Here in the U.S. it's the National Laws Commission, an



IN THE FIRST PICTURES EVER TAKEN OF

Independent committee of the American Contract Bridge League. On the Continent it's the Executive Committee of the European Bridge League, comprising the bridge leaders of many countries. But in England it's the Card Committee of a single bridge club, the Portland, a club to which not one of Britain's top tournament bridge players belongs.

Ever since I got over my first nervousness about hobnobbing with pasteboard kings and queens, I have felt quite comfortable in court society, so it did not faze me that the Portland's members are for the most part of a rather exalted position. I long ago discovered that the card table is a social arena where the only recognized inequality is in the matter of skill.

Nevertheless I was awed, remembering that the early greats of whist



THE INTERIOR OF THE AUGUST PORTLAND CLUB. STEWARD ARTHUR PLUMLEY ARRANGES BRIDGE AND BACKGAMMON TABLES

had played at the tables of this same Portland Club a century and more ago; men like James Clay, William Pole, Henry Jones. Pole, born in 1814, was the first whist expert to emphasize the partnership factor. Clay was an even earlier whist expert. Jones, widely known under his pen name of Caveadish, was called the "father of modern whist," and was recognized as the top authority of the game.

Today the Portland Club's quarters are comfortably modern; yet there is a feeling of timelessness about them that links back to the Portland's natal year of 1825. According to tradition, the club really began 10 years earlier, having been founded in 1815 as the Stratford Club. Finding themselves saddled with one objectionable member, the ever-consistent Stratfordites never dreamed of ask-

ing him to resign. Instead, they simply abandoned the Stratford Club and reorganized as the Portland—with one member less.

Portland Club history is bound up with the history of all games of the whist family. Bridge, that newcome interloper, was first introduced there by Lord Brougham in 1894. By 1898, the *Whist Referee Book* sadly reported, "The fact is the Portland, like many other clubs, has been suffering for some time from an attack of 'bridge' and, until the craze has run its course, true whist is in the minority there, to the sorrow of whist lovers."

The author proved a poor prophet. The whist family was doomed to produce a line of patricides. Bridge (in which the dealer's side named the trump suit) was followed in 1904 by auction bridge (in which the highest

bidder named the trump), and auction was swallowed by contract bridge about 1929. Each new sprig overwhelmed the branch from which it sprang, but for each new game the Portland Club was recognized as England's official lawmaker. The code under which contract is played today was drawn in collaboration with and approved by the Portland; new laws, when they are adopted, will achieve international acceptance only when they win the sanction of the Portland Club's Card Committee.

The tacit arrangement is typically British in that ruling power is entirely a matter of tradition, for the Portland Club sends no teams to the tourneys. Some of its members were and are great players, but the Portland has made no effort to perpetuate its onetime description as "the club

continued

of the most skillful of London card players" by extending an open-armed welcome to bridge experts. For a card club, this is exceptional. And, though its members sit down to excellent dinners prepared by an exceptional chef, though they sometimes hold a golf tournament, though it is in all respects its members' home away from home (with ladies barred, of course), the Portland is first and last a card club.

The Earl of Carnarvon (son of the man who discovered the tomb of Tut Ankh Amen), with whom I have frequently enjoyed a game, had described the Portland as a "charming club to belong to; its members charming to play with and against." I found he had in no way exaggerated: nothing could have exceeded the charm and courtesy with which they relieved me of my money.

However, of course no money changes hands in the playing rooms. Score ledgers for each table are turned in at the conclusion of play and each member's results—including the results of his guests—are posted to his account. I am not sure how regularly these accounts are settled, for I am still awaiting word from the Duke of Marlborough, the sponsor on whose



NO MONEY changes hands in the Portland Club. The steward (above) records the stakes of the members in his ledger, later makes the necessary financial adjustments.

cuff I played, as to how much I owe him.

My account was not as easy to keep track of as you might think—due not alone to the complexity of translating results from pounds to dollars but also to the courteous English custom of calling "Table up" at the conclusion of each rubber.

Under this system a player cut out at one table is eligible to play at the first table to conclude a rubber. As a result of this—and because there is a longish interval between tea time and the late London dinner hour—I played at all three of the active tables in my room.

This call of "Table up," by the way, was the only time I heard a raised voice all afternoon. Portlanders post-mortem quite as much as other players, but requiems on unfulfilled contracts are softly uttered in a nearly voiceless minor key.

I am still at rather a loss (alas, literally as well as figuratively) as to the Portland's customary stakes. I seldom play rubber bridge, and when I do it is at modest rates. But this was a special occasion; I was the guest of the Duke of Marlborough, and besides, as someone remarked under quite different circumstances, "It was the only game in town."

Looking over the roster of the Portland Club's 100 members, it is apparent that they are drawn from a variety of influential spheres of British society. It includes men like Rudolph de Trafford, head of Higginson's and brother of Sir Humphrey de Trafford, steward of The Jockey Club; Mark Ostrer, head of Gaumont-

British; Sir Edward Baron, head of Carreras; Baron Robert de Nexon, president of Chanel International, president of the European Bridge League and one of the lust of the gentleman riders in the steeplechase.

It is a roster studded with names important in and to the game of contract bridge: Sir Guy Dombille, who played against teams headed by Ely Culbertson in the first international contract bridge matches; Horace H. Renshaw, chairman of the Portland's Card Committee, who somehow manages to combine the easy grace of the English country gentleman with the drive of an American industrialist; Geoffrey Butler, president of the British Bridge League; representatives of Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales; and many more.

I began this tale by saying that the laws of bridge are the same wherever you might play. Everywhere, that is, except the Portland. With legislatorlike privilege, they have embroidered on the laws their own prohibition: in the Portland Club cue bids are taboo; I was warned when I first sat down to play, "We don't bid voids." I wonder what might happen if one of the players in those sacred precincts were to bid a paychee. I, for one, did not care to find out by trying.

The Portland Club is historic, dignified, distinguished. While sitting in its august rooms, I was inevitably reminded of the most famous of all bridge hands—the "Duke of Cumberland." Today's slangy description of a powerful hand as "quite a duke" may stem from this legendary deal,



EARL OF CARNARVON is one of Portland Club's many fine bridge-playing peers.

which isn't a bridge hand at all but was originally a whist hand. Like the Portland Club, however, it has prospered through all the games of the whist family.

#### THE MODERN DUKE

East-West vulnerable  
West dealer

NORTH  
♦ ♠  
♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2  
♣ A Q 10 8

WEST EAST  
♠ A K Q J ♠ 7 6 5 2  
♥ A K Q J ♥ 10 9 4 3 2  
♦ A K ♦ Q J  
♣ K J 9 ♣ 6 4

SOUTH  
♦ 10 9 8 4 3  
♥ 5 7 4 2  
♦ 7 6 3 2

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
2♠	PASS	2 NO TRUMP	PASS
3♥	3 NO TRUMP	4♥	♣
5♥	7♣	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

In the original story, the duke, sitting in the West position, had a slightly different hand, including a fourth club. At whist the last card was turned to determine the trump suit. In this deal, South turned a club for trump. The duke was asked, "What would you lead?" When His Grace answered, "The fourth-best trump, of course," he was offered a bet that he would not win a single trick. The duke accepted the wager to the tune of £20,000, and his loss (worth much more than \$250,000 in today's money) is the largest ever recorded on a single hand.

The great flaw when the hand was put into a bridge setting was the way North and South were supposed to arrive at a club contract. However, I am pleased to report that this flaw has been cured by one of the newest conventions in bridge—North's "unusual no trump" asking partner to take his choice between the minor suits (SI, Sept. 16, 1957).

Of course, seven clubs is a laydown. North ruffs a spade or a heart opening; South gets to his hand twice by ruffing diamonds and is able to finesse against West's trumps while at the same time establishing North's long diamond suit. West's "duke," in all the years of this hand's history, is still waiting to take a trick.

# Better tennis, anyone?

Feast your eyes on these all-new, popularly priced rackets. Tennis champions Pancho Gonzales and Doris Hart helped design them. They're guaranteed *unconditionally*.



## 1. New 1958 Pancho Gonzales Model

Eye appeal and excellent playing characteristics combine to make this Gonzales model a really fine value. Laminated maple, steam-bent throat and shoulder reinforcements; vari-colored plastic trim. In red and white. With Multi-Filament Nylon—\$12.45.

## 2. New 1958 Doris Hart Model

Feel and fashion are sure to make this Hart model a real favorite with the ladies. With pink throat and sides, rest natural color; vari-colored plastic trim. Available in ladies' special weights. With Multi-Filament Nylon—a real buy at \$12.45.

Once again this year, the Spalding-made Wright & Ditson tennis ball will be official ball at the National Singles and Doubles Championships.

**SPALDING**  
sets the pace in sports



# A SURPRISE PARTY WITH

Virgil Akins becomes welter champion by finding  
a fatal flaw in Vince Martinez' otherwise perfect defense

by MARTIN KANE

LESS THAN a minute of the first round had gone by and handsome Vince Martinez was a slack-jawed, wobbly-legged travesty of the serene stylist he had always been before, even in rare defeat. Until now he had never been more than momentarily confused by an opponent. Largely because he has always known how to back off from sudden adversity, no one ever had knocked him out or even properly knocked him down. A tactical retreat, like so many he had organized in the past, was now called for but he had lost the knack.

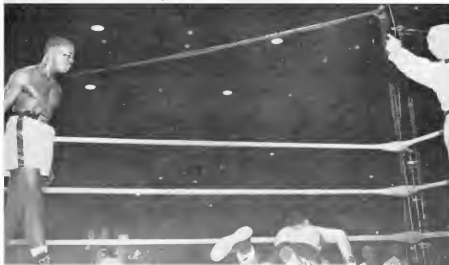
One rather obvious defect in an otherwise superb boxing style was his undoing. Instead of slipping a straight punch he has a trick of pulling his head straight back from it. In pre-

fight studies Virgil (Honey Bear) Akins had noted the defect and now, at the first opportunity, took savage advantage of it. He won thereby the welterweight championship of the world, estimated to be worth a quarter of a million dollars at going rates. It was quite a step up in class for a fighter who less than two years ago fought in Holyoke, Mass. for \$52.

The fight was a tragicomic melodrama of calculation and miscalculation. Before the bell, the ringside buzz in the St. Louis Arena had been that, since Akins was notoriously a slow starter, nothing much would happen in the first few rounds except that Martinez would outpoint him. It was felt that after those few rounds the 2-to-1 odds favoring Akins would

be justified, once Honey Bear began his stretch run. The Martinez corner had the early rounds figured that way, too. The Akins corner, in turn, had figured that that was the way the Martinez corner would figure it. Akins, therefore, fought as he never had fought before against a major opponent. He made a surprise party of it. Instead of waiting, Akins delivered the key punch of the fight a mere 30 seconds after the opening bell. He forced his opportunity with a long left jab, nothing much in itself. All it did was to send Martinez' head straight back, not from the power of the blow, which landed lightly, but because that is the characteristic Martinez way of neutralizing a jab. It is an unorthodox way, unworthy of him. By classical standards, and Martinez is in all other respects a classical boxer, a straight punch should be avoided by a slip—a sideways movement of the head that lets the punch glide harmlessly over a shoulder.

FOR THE FIFTH OF EIGHT KNOCKDOWNS, AKINS CAUGHT MARTINEZ WITH A SOLID RIGHT HAND AS HE BOUNCED OFF THE ROPES





# PUNCH

"Straight punches you slip," an old boxing professor explained later. "Hooks you move with."

But for years Martinez has been getting away with his backward movement. Until last week none of his opponents had thought to follow a jab with an overhand right to the well-exposed, upward-tilted chin that results from the maneuver. Akins thought of it and did it. Martinez, off balance, went down.

Down he went for the first time in his career of 65 fights and 60 victories, and when he arose there was written on his face the astonishment of a sinful man finally facing an unexpected judgment. After the fight Martinez said he thought he had been knocked out in the first—"or maybe the second"—round. He had no clear memory of it. Despite doublings with sponges dipped in ice water he never fully recovered from that punch. He went through the motions of fighting from a deep wellspring of courage in his subconscious. In the past he had been denounced for lack of courage in adversity when, in fact, he has never lacked courage. He has simply exercised more intelligent caution than is appreciated in ring society. Now, with intelligence blanked out, he responded from a natural resource that forced him to rise to loose-ankled feet time after time—and get knocked down, time after time. He was knocked down four times in that first round, stumbled stupidly to the canvas another time without a punch being thrown and went down four times more in other rounds for a total of eight clear knockdowns in the fight. The eighth, in the fourth round, ended it. Referee Harry Kessler, who had resisted a plea from Akins' corner that he stop the fight between the third and fourth rounds, called a halt without a count.

"Why count 10?" he asked later. "I knew I could have counted 30."

Akins proved himself a true successor to Carmen Basilio, who had given up the title so that he might briefly rule over the middleweight division. The fact that he did not take out



FIGHT FAN KAREN AKINS, 8, "JUST KNEW" HER DADDY WOULD BE THE CHAMPION

Martinez with a single punch by no means implies that Akins is not a deadly puncher. Martinez proved long ago that he is no glass-jawed Fancy Dan. Most fighters could not have survived a round of the punishment he took, not only to the head but to the body, where Akins landed telling blows in fits of fury that sent Martinez reeling about the ring.

Basilio was at ringside to study a possible future opponent. There was instant speculation that a Basilio-Akins fight was in the sometime offing, and Akins was more than willing, foreseeing the greatest gate the welterweight division has had in years. Basilio wisely ducked the issue for the time being. There was, he pointed out, the matter of Sugar Ray Robinson's uncertainty about the future of the middleweight title, which Carmen would like to win back. Sugar Ray, on his part, was chasing a mysterious star that told him he could get a million dollars fighting Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight title in California. The matter of a Robinson-Basilio fight will, it is clear, be in abeyance for some little time.

The fight went on against serious competition from the Municipal Opera, which featured that glorious tenor, Andy Devine, in *Show Boat* and

drew 9,527 admissions; a Cardinals-Philles baseball game which drew 17,599; and nighttime Thoroughbred racing at the Cahokia Downs track just across the Mississippi which attracted 6,740. Even so, 9,777 fans paid \$62,810 to get into the arena, a most respectable showing in view of these counterattractions.

The fight was further distinguished by the presence of members of the St. Louis police hoodlum squad, an organization dedicated to the perpetual harassment of the unsavory, and so successful that bookmaking no longer is good business in St. Louis. Odds on the fight were made out of town.

The detectives wanted most of all to pick up Mobster Frankie Carbo, who has followed Akins' career with perhaps more than a sporting interest. But Carbo stayed out of St. Louis, very likely in deference to the embarrassment his presence might cause Eddie Yawitz and Bernie Glickman, Akins' managers, who had been required, under subpoena, to testify before a New York grand jury about their relations with Carbo. The detectives were forced, therefore, to settle for Binky Palermo, a fight manager who sometimes works in the shadow background of the sport, and a friend,

*continued*

Abe Sands of Paterson, N.J. These two were picked up after the fight, not without a struggle on Blinky's part, and locked up overnight. Palermo carried papers indicating he is linked to Sonny Liston, the St. Louis heavyweight and sometime protégé of St. Louis mobster John Vitale. Liston now fights out of Philadelphia, which is Blinky's home town.

Glickman was indignant about the police surveillance of the fight. Akins, he announced, will not fight in St. Louis again "until such time as St. Louis wants boxing, and no investigations." Why, he demanded, didn't police send surveillance details to watch Cardinal baseball games? It is possible that the New York grand jury which heard Glickman's testimony will answer his question with some indictments next month.

Since New York State set up a medical advisory board to assist its boxing commission a few years ago there has not been a death or even a serious injury in a New York ring. Other states have improved their pre-fight medical examinations, too, in recent years, but by no means all. Among those which could stand improvement is Michigan. Johnny Summerlin is Exhibit A.

Summerlin, who had not fought an opponent of stature since 1956, was put in against Nino Valdes in Detroit last month. In the fifth round Valdes snapped a right hook to the jaw. It was not too hard a blow but Summerlin was off balance and he went down. He took a six count, then tried to rise. As he got up his left leg doubled under him and he fell. He tried to rise again, and just after being

counted out managed to stand upright with his weight on the right leg.

For many weeks before the fight Summerlin had been aware that his left side was numb but said nothing about it. Still, the night before the Valdes fight, he went to his personal physician, Dr. Robert Bennett, for a checkup. Dr. Bennett, who has been physician to Joe Louis and Sugar Ray Robinson, told Summerlin he should not fight Valdes and made an appointment for him at the neurology clinic of the Henry Ford Hospital two days after the scheduled bout.

#### RING PHYSICIAN INFORMED

"I noticed there was considerable difference in his reflexes between his left and right side," Dr. Bennett said. "I checked further and discovered that John could feel no pain in his left side and that this condition extended from his left foot right up through his face. He could not feel needles I pushed in his left side. I pushed one needle all the way in and John could not feel it.

"After John told me he was going to fight anyway I felt it was my duty to notify the boxing commission secretary [William Matney], who notified the ring physician [Dr. Leo Kallman]. I don't know why they allowed him to fight."

Dr. Kallman said he was indeed informed of Summerlin's numbness. Because of it, he said, he conducted a reflex test. The test: running a fingernail file over the length of John's left side. John said he could feel the file and that satisfied Dr. Kallman.

"All I can go on is what the fighter tells me," he said. "All these fighters say they feel fine."

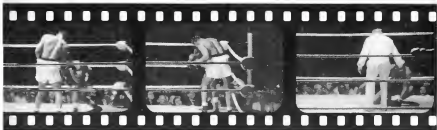
On the basis of Dr. Kallman's report Summerlin was allowed to fight.

When it was over Matney urged that Summerlin be taken to the Henry Ford Hospital.

There the condition was diagnosed as hyposthesia, an impairment of sensation associated with a "confluence of tiny hemorrhages in the brain," though the cause is unknown. Summerlin is, it was decided, "permanently disabled for boxing." The condition will not necessarily get worse unless he is injured again.

Kid Gavilan is still around and, in fact, winning more than he loses. One of the shrewder showmen of our time, the old welterweight champion has been matched to meet Yama Bama at Miami Beach in a televised Wednesday nighter June 18. Since Gavilan has been beating such considerable opponents as Walter Byars, Gaspar Ortega and Ralph (Tiger) Jones over the past nine months he is favored to defeat Yama, a Miami fisherman of such pleasant disposition that he never has realized the potential of his physique and skill.

On the following Friday night (June 20) Mike DeJohn returns to television in his home town, Syracuse, N.Y., where he lost recently to Nino Valdes, partly because Valdes had so bloodied Mike's tender nose that he could scarcely breathe. This time he will be in against none other than Bob Baker, who from time to time decides to quit the ring but never sticks by his decision. On the basis that Baker, once equipped with fast and dextrous hands, is now slowed down to a walk, and on the further basis that DeJohn is one of the mightier punchers among the heavyweights, it seems reasonable to expect a DeJohn victory. Just so long as he keeps his nose clean. **END**



UNABLE to feel pain in his left side, Johnny Summerlin took a hard right (center) from Nino Valdes and then, in trying to rise, found his left leg would not support him. He

got up by putting full weight on his right leg but by then he had been counted out. A Michigan boxing commission doctor had been advised of his condition before the fight.



Hopi dancers at Grand Canyon—and the new Kodak Medallion 8 Movie Camera, Turret f/1.9

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**Budweiser**  
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SIX 12 OZ. CANS

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## Lightweight in the suburbs

The best new collection ever of summer-weight sport jackets and slacks is available this year. As shown here on these pages, in the delightful climate of San Francisco, across the Golden Gate in suburban Sausalito and Belvedere, they go from boat dock to golf course, from Friday cocktails to Sunday cookout without weight or wrinkle. The big news is in the lightness of the jackets, which are not wash-and-wear like the slacks that go with them but are of fabrics such as challis, silk, Viyella, cotton and the new Shetland shown in color on the opposite page. It weighs only eight ounces per yard. The wash-and-wear flannel slacks (\$17.50, Brooks Brothers) are of 80% Orlon, 20% cotton, a blend as carefree as summer.

Photographs by Paul Lyon



**PLAID COTTON** (\$35, Brooks) and striped Viyella (\$68, MacCloer) are steak-party attire of John King (left), Ewing Philbin, with Mrs. Philbin and Ann Lyon (seated).



**NECKTIE CHALLIS** from England (\$55, Chipp) tailors into a six-ounce-to-the-yard, triple-stripe burgundy blazer. Dennis Dunn of Sausalito combines it with raffia hat (Dobbs) for trip to the golf course.

**HOPSACKING BLAZER**, double-breasted, with Bemberg fleur-de-lis lining, is nine-ounce wool, comes in dubonnet, navy, black. Bill Jones sports it for fight to Lake Tahoe.



**GIANT HADRAM PLAIN** jacket (\$85, M. Sigm) is of broeze-weight eight-ounce Shetland. Scott Baxter, with wife Pru, wears it while watching a Sunday regatta on Belvedere's own backyard lagoon.

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LIGHTWEIGHT JACKETS *continued*



**INDIAN SILK** jacket (\$70), Italian silk trousers (\$35, both Hilton) are worn by John King at Sausalito's Bank of America. Felt point hatband has golf motif (\$15, Chipp).



**SCOTCH WORSTED** jacket (\$85, Brooks) weighs 22 ounces all told. Scott Baxter picks it for a Sunday gin fizz breakfast at Sausalito's Alta Mira hotel terrace.



**TUSSAN SILK** dinner jacket (\$65) is in natural shade. Bill Chapin wears it with natural-color shirt which has pleated silk bosom, batiste body (\$17.50, both Chipp).



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## The pace that kills

**Australia's Herb Elliott cut down his top rival by running too fast too soon**

As the runners sprinted past the starting line at the end of the first lap, the 15-mph cross wind whipped away the spurts of dust from their spikes and a small colored boy, resting from hauling hurdles, chuckled softly. "Those cats think it's the 440, look like," he said. "Somethin' gotta give."

For a long time nothing did. The 9,000-odd spectators who crammed into Compton Junior College's ramshackle Ramsaur Stadium for one of the great miles of the year began to roar steadily as the field finished the

half mile. Ron Delany, the sparrow-legged, dogged Irishman from Villanova, who has been unbeaten in the mile since running second to Derek Ibbotson's great 3:57.2 last July, clung doggedly to the heels of Australia's young Herb Elliott. Elliott, in turn, stayed a couple of strides off the blistering pace set for the first two quarters by Jerome Walters and Bob Shankland, a couple of millers along for the stride.

Elliott took over the lead as the field finished the half mile in a driving 1:59.3. Just before the race, Elliott's peppery, bright-eyed little coach, Percy Cerutti, his gray goatee bouncing with excitement, had boasted of how he and his pupil intended to beat the Irish Olympic champion: "We will set too fast a pace for him and steam him out."

But Delany did not look steamed out at the half. Afraid to let the Aussie get out of reach of his fine finishing kick, he stayed close through the third lap as Elliott, his stride even and smooth in odd contrast to Delany's pitter-patter, jerky style, led the way. Now Laszlo Tabori, the Hungarian expatriate who is training hard in California to regain the form that carried him to a 3:59 mile three years ago, moved past Delany, and as they turned into the gun lap it was Elliott in solid control with Tabori challenging. Delany, his stride choppy now and showing no signs whatsoever of being able to mount his famed finishing sprint, began to falter.

Although Elliott does not boast a blazing kick, he does run as fast a final quarter as anyone in the business. Tabori challenged him briefly down the backstretch, but it was a forlorn effort. With Cerutti waving a white towel at him in token of the possibility of a record, Elliott accelerated smoothly around the last turn and won easily in 3:58.1, 1/10th of a second off the recognized mark. Delany, turning into the homestretch, suddenly seemed to stop running, his legs moving on a treadmill and his face agonized. He bogtrotted in like a

peat cutter heading home from a long day, a distant third behind Tabori.

Elliott, who appears to be a cinch to break the world record soon, might have done it on this night, save for the raw cross wind and the tremendous pace of the first quarter. But the happy-go-lucky youngster wasn't disturbed.

"Anytime I can win and run in 3:58 I feel that is what the people came to see and I am happy," he bumbled. He mistook Tabori's challenge on the backstretch for Delany. "I thought I was in for a real race," he said, "but I didn't look around to see."

Coach Cerutti, whose peerage strategy had worked out perfectly, interrupted. "Delany can't hold a fast pace," he said. "It's all very well running 4:04 on those boards indoors. But this is running to win."

### TWO-LEGGED SILKY SULLIVAN

Delany, who is famous for running to win, offered no excuse for losing. "I felt good," he said cheerfully. "I was running all right for three-quarters and then all of a sudden I wasn't moving at all. No, it wasn't the wind. It was lack of wind. I didn't have any. I was running lovely for three-quarters. All of a sudden my legs seemed to be tired. I was running like Silky Sullivan."

Someone suggested that year-end exams at Villanova might have interrupted his training. Villanova Coach Jim Elliott had made this point; Delany was reluctant to use it as an explanation. "I don't really have any excuses," he said. "I don't like to make excuses." Well, was it possible the exams hurt him? "Well, yes, that might be," Delany finally conceded.

Asked to compare Elliott to John Landy, the Australian who holds the listed world record at 3:58, Delany said, "I don't know. I couldn't say anything but what his times say about him. They say he [Elliott] is absolutely brilliant. That was a fabulous performance for him tonight. But, on the other hand, it is a 3:58.1 performance. I believe in reality. What you do, you do."

Should Delany and Elliott meet again, this summer in Europe, it might result differently. With more time to reach peak condition Delany should certainly run far better than he did last Friday night. Then, too, he learned uncomfortably well that it is impossible to stay with Elliott through the blazing early pace

GUN LAP: ELLIOTT, TABORI AND DELANY



## PROFILE OF A BORED BLOKE

Even in an overcoat, Herb Elliott looks like a runner. The long, lean Aussie has that loose, skeletal look that makes most of the world's milers seem roughly the same from the neck down with not an ounce of extra flesh to tote around the four laps of the world's present glamour race.

Like most milers, Elliott is supremely confident. Not cocky, ever, since Elliott does not regard what he does as important enough to be cocky about. To him the mile run is just another foot race. The competitors, whether the Irish Olympic champion or the world's record holder, are just a lot of "blokes" to be beaten, if possible. If not, so be it.

There is a legend that Herb Elliott had given up foot racing as a bad job until the 1,500-meter run at the Melbourne Olympics gave him the thrill of his young life. It has the germ of truth in it. Herb had given up running, largely because he had beaten his foot but partly, he admits, "in favor of having a good time for myself." But it was not the mile (Olympic metric version) which inspired him. That event bored Herb: "Some guy just shot out with a hundred yards to go and broke the tape and beat the other blokes."

What was inspiring, though, was the sight of Russia's Vladimir Kuts winning the 5,000 and 10,000. "If that bloke could do it, I could do it, I told myself." Adds Herb: "Why, when Kuts came along, he just lifted people right out of their seats."

Why, then, doesn't Herb Elliott run the longer distances? Simple. No athletic promoters are willing to pay enticement expenses to get 10,000-meter men over here. "They pay my expenses to see me run the mile. It is the race that is always featured in the newspaper headlines."

Miler Herbert James Elliott was

born on February 25, 1908 in the rugged, Californialike country in the west of Australia. Educated at the Roman Catholic school called Aquinas College (equivalent of the U.S. high school), Herb broke the Australian junior record for the half mile (1:50.8) and also won the Australia mile championship for his class in pretty fair time for a youngster.

Training is a casual operation to Herb Elliott. "As long as I keep running fast, I don't have to work so hard," he says candidly. "It's when you start to drop off that you have to worry." Herb explains that he is a runner because "it is my idea of fun. I am not entirely interested in running against people or even in running against the clock. But I do feel happy when I beat these chaps," he concedes. "It's a casual outlook, I admit. Most of the time I wouldn't have a clue who I was running against."

Now he is on his first visit to the U.S. A career employee of the Shell Oil Co. ("Just a clerk," he says), he may take up one of the dozens of offers of scholarships in U.S. colleges if Shell permits. In any event, he now wants an education solely to better his position with the oil company.

Herb, who always thought he was a 6-footer give or take a half inch, was not dismayed to find when measured last month that he is only 5 feet 10 1/2 inches tall. "I must have had my shoes on when I took my height before," he notes indifferently.

Before the Compton meet, Elliott was asked how he felt about tangling with the great Olympic Champion Ron Delany. He answered with a shrug. "He'll make very good competition for me from what I have heard. But I am in no way worried. It's just going to be a race between two blokes, that's all."

—JAMES MURRAY

and hope to retain a finishing kick. It was, oddly enough, the veteran tactician who lost the battle of tactics at Compton. Unfortunately for Delany, there may be no tactical answer to the sheer speed and power of Elliott, the boy from the bad lands of Australia, who may become the greatest miler in history.

But Delany, whose time was a shocking 4:10, doesn't concede anything to Elliott. "I just believe I can take him or anyone when I'm right," he said.

Ibbotson, England's claimant for the world record (3:57.2) and the last conqueror of Delany in the mile, won

another meeting of four-minute milers a night later in Vancouver. His time was a fairly slow 4:05.4, but the race was run on a track made mushy by overnight rains. He jockeyed with Australia's Merv Lincoln most of the four laps as both of them trailed another Aussie, Arizona State's Alex Henderson, for a couple of laps. In the last 50 yards Lincoln and Ibbotson sprinted for the tape with Ibbotson the winner by a deep breath.

Ibbotson reckoned later he might have done 3:59 on a fast track. Henderson and Lincoln could conceivably have been under four minutes, too. No one mentioned 3:58, though. **END**

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## The great equalizer

**When the fleet heads for Bermuda, every good boat in the race has a fair chance to win, thanks to a remarkable document known to yachtsmen as the Rule**

**T**HE Bermuda Race, which starts June 14 off Newport, R.I., is considered the toughest all-round test in the world for ocean-racing yachts and yachtsmen. Between the start at Brenton Reef and the finish off St. David's Head, there are 635 miles of ocean filled with headwinds, flat calms, sudden squalls and the constantly changing currents of the Gulf Stream. The competing boats—120 entries in this year's record fleet—are the best in the world; and so are the men who sail them.

But the reason this race is so good is not only the course the boats sail or the quality of the fleet. It is, rather, the remarkable little rule book shown in the middle of this page, the Cruising Club of America Measurement Rule, which, through a labyrinthian handicapping formula, equalizes all competing boats just as surely as the Colt revolver equalized all men. In fact, without the Cruising Club Rule, known more simply as "The Rule" to thousands of yachtsmen who live under its austere domination, the Bermuda Race would not be a race at all. Neither would most American distance races, since they are now handicapped by the Rule or a derivative of it.

There is an axiom in sailing which says that the speed of an ocean-going yacht can be no more than 1.3—or at most 1.4—times the square root of its waterline length. Boiling this down to a dangerously simple generality, big boats will beat little boats. Besides size, there are literally hundreds of other factors that control speed. Given two boats the same size, the thin one usually beats the fat one. The tall mast beats the short mast. The deep, heavy keel beats the shal-

low keel. And so on. Therefore, without some sort of handicapping, boats like Irving Pratt's 57-foot sloop *Copper* (opposite) would simply clobber boats like Carleton Mitchell's 38½-foot *Finisterre*. The final standings of every race would look like an Army platoon, with the tall rangy men up front and the short fat men straggling along in the rear; and the race would die.



THE RULE, drawn up by Cruising Club, cut big boats down to size.

It did die once, after the 1910 race, just because there was no fair kind of handicap. It stayed dead until 1923, when the bare bones of the present Rule, based mostly on waterline length, were laid down. But waterline length was obviously not enough. A rule which would encompass all the subtle factors affecting speed was needed, and through the heroic calculations of a genius named Wells A. Lippincott it was supplied. Since 1934 the Rule in its present massive

form has stood sternly astride the sport of ocean racing.

The Rule is a miracle of compromise and foresight—27 pages of measurements, formulas, fractions and whereases that rate the speed-giving potential of almost every screw and splinter on a boat. As soon as the owner of a new boat decides he wants to enter the Bermuda, or any other race held under the Rule, he has to get his boat measured for a rating which henceforth and forever fixes his racing relationship with other boats, unless he changes his boat or protests his rating. Many yacht clubs have an official measurer, but for big races like the Bermuda a good percentage of the calculations are made by specialists like the Cruising Club's own measurer, Bob Blumenstock of Scarsdale, N.Y., who started in business as a naval architect but now spends half his life being harried and pursued by racing yachtsmen who want a new measurement.

"There's not a one of them," said Blumenstock one weary night last week as he plowed through a stack of last-minute measurements, "who wouldn't give his eyeteeth to get another 10th off his rating."

Since the boat's theoretical top speed is governed by her waterline length, the measurer begins by making a waterline calculation. This is not as simple as it sounds. The measurement he comes up with, after many minutes of stooping, stretching, taping and calculating, is not the waterline you see when the boat is resting quietly at her mooring. It is the average waterline the boat uses in sailing around a triangular course, with the actual waterline constantly changing as the vessel heels over, sinks into a trough and rises on a crest.

Once this waterline has been established, the measurer accounts for everything else on the boat that tends to make it go faster or slower. The

wright of the keel, the edges and angles of each sail, the length of the mainsail along the mast and boom, the diameter of the propeller, the length of the spinnaker pole, all come under his scrutiny. These measurements are compared to those on a theoretical, average cruising boat of the same type. If the mainsail is proportionally taller than the mainsail on the phantom average boat, a fraction is added to the rating of the boat being measured. If the beam is wider, a fraction is subtracted.

The total measuring and calculating operation takes about four hours and \$40 to \$60 of the skipper's money for each measurement certificate. When all the multiplication tables are cleared away, the boat is officially given its final rating. Then, to figure a boat's time handicap for a given race, this rating is multiplied into a table of time allowances and corrected for the length of the course. When all the figures are in on all the entries in the race, the boat with the highest rating is made the scratch boat. All boats rating under the scratch boat get a time allowance, and the lower the rating, the more time a boat is allowed.

In the last Bermuda Race, for example, the Naval Academy's 69-foot yawl *Petrel* was the scratch boat. Her rating was 58.4. *Pisasterre*, with a rating of 26.2, was the lowest rated of the serious contenders. With her rating, *Petrel* would have had to beat *Pisasterre* by 26 hours, 25 minutes and 55 seconds to win the race. The Bermuda is a four-day race, on the average, and *Petrel* didn't make it. Nor did any of the other boats get there soon enough to beat their handicaps, or save their time on the little boat.

The fact that none of the boats managed to save their time on *Pisasterre* caused considerable agony within the racing fleet. Quite a few skippers began wondering out loud whether the Rule, in its pursuit of equality, wasn't being too generous to the broad-beamed little centerboarders. As one keelboat man put it, looking back at the 1956 race: "Boats were getting slower and slower and rating lower and lower. They were beginning to win on mathematics."

No one, of course, really thinks *Pisasterre* is a slow boat. And there are few people who don't recognize that Mitchell and his crew sailed a superb race and deserved to win. But it was not just *Pisasterre*. All the top places in the race but one were taken

by centerboarders. And it was happening in other races too. Centerboarders were winning practically everything; it was getting so a racing yachtsman might hesitate to build a tall-masted keelboat because it had very little chance of winning any races. Of the 21 cruising sailboats on the drawing boards at Sparkman and Stephens at the end of the last Bermuda race, 18 were centerboarders.

This was not a particularly healthy situation. It meant that the Rule was forcing prospective owners to pick a particular type of cruising boat in order to make a showing on the racing circuit. Ideally, the Rule should leave a man free to choose a keel boat or a centerboarder without having to feel that the decision for one or the other has automatically condemned him to be forever an also-ran.

The custodians of the Rule, the all-powerful Measurement Rule Committee of the Cruising Club, began to realize that a change would have to be made on another count. The Rule was threatening to discourage keel boat owners from entering races. "The worst thing the Rule can do," said Philip Rhodes, a top designer and one of the advisers to the committee, "is to dictate design. There are—or anyway should be—two reasons for a rule like this: to have each boat rated correctly and to get as many boats as possible to the starting line. If all types are rated fairly, people will show up. We don't want to rule people out; we want to rule them in."

"We got together," said Rhodes, referring to himself and the committee, "and analyzed some hundred boats and charred them. We plotted their percentage of change in rating against certain changes in beam, draft, and so forth. And we found some of these narrow boats, like the 12 meter, were being penalized too much if they went into a little ocean race. We felt some of these wide boats were getting too much of a credit."

This was a painful conclusion for Rhodes to have to reach, since some of the world's best centerboarders, like *Exocorde*, *Caribbee* and *Carina*, are Rhodes-designed. The same was true for Committee Adviser Olin Stephens, who designed *Pisasterre*. Nevertheless, both argued for the changes.

The Rule had assumed that broad beam slows a boat. It does. But by one of the marvelous contradictions of nautical design, it also gives a boat

continued



**DANGEROUS CHALLENGER** Caper has deep keel which profited by Rule changes.



**DEFENDING CHAMPION** *Pisasterre* has reduced time allowance under new Rule.



**DARK HORSE** Drumbest pays extra penalty for unusual twin centerboard design.

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L to R: Messrs Vogel, Nyeland, Cox and Colford pay homage to the Gibson.

## Whatever became of the onion?



In our past reports on the Lower Montgomery Street Olive or Onion Society we've talked only Martinis.

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BERMUDA RULE continued

the stability to carry more sail, and hence go faster. So the committee reduced the allowance for beam. It also changed the draft allowance to give shallow centerboarders less of an advantage. Under the new provisions the exposed area of the centerboard is penalized for the first time. Thus the great equalizer worked again, and—although there are many who will deny any cause and effect here—of the custom-designed boats in the works at Sparloman and Stephens now, only 50% are centerboarders.

Most sailors agree that the changes were fair. There has been some mild criticism from centerboard sailors like Carleton Mitchell who, while agreeing that centerboarders should have been given higher ratings, feel the Rule should not at the same time have reduced the ratings of racing machines like the 12 meters, which are miles removed in design from the theoretical cruising boat the Rule is trying to encourage. This is a point that will be argued for some time. But even the critics agree that the Rule as it now stands is the best system ever devised for handicapping boats.

Being people, however, the sailors have not stopped trying to find loopholes in the Rule. "The whole bunch of top racers are thinking of the Rule all the time," said Blumenstock. "They're all figuring gimmicks. They call me up all winter and say, 'What's going to happen if I do this or that—change the trim, raise the sail?'"

The answer, usually, is that almost nothing will happen to the rating and the boat may lose some of its desirable cruising characteristics. Nonetheless, there is an unending search for reduced ratings, ranging from major innovations like long, narrow centerboards which may partially counteract the new centerboard area penalty to metal floors, heavy-duty iceboxes, and extra banks of engine starter batteries to serve as unpenalized ballast. One well-known designer, skating on the very thin ice out on the edges of the Rule, has helped his rating by stashing heavy cases of cans and bottled goods well down in the bilge away from the searching eye of the measurer. For, while yachtmen are almost unanimous in their praise of the Rule and the benefits of handicapping equality, there are not many who, when it comes to the Bermuda Race, would mind being just a bit more equal than the others. **END**



**Fade-in**  
by opening new variable shutter



**Fade-out**  
by closing variable shutter



**Tilting**  
with single frame settings



**Normal shot**  
with Kern-Paillard standard lens



**Wide angle shot**  
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**Telephoto shots**  
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**Normal speeds**  
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**Slow motion**  
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**Speed-up**  
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**Animation**  
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**Background fade-outs**  
with open lens,  
partly closed variable shutter



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# On and off the fairways

**A mid-season review and a quick peek at the appetizing summer ahead**

THIS WEEK'S National Open marks, among other things, the approximate halfway point along 1958's circuitous professional golf path. In terms of prize money it marks the halfway point almost exactly. An over-all total of \$1,350,000 was scheduled for distribution this year; and when the Open champion collects his check for \$8,000 plus, \$675,000 will have been awarded.

Only the perpetually discontented could possibly grumble over the way cash prizes and tournament honors have been sprinkled around during the winter and spring semesters. The Young Turks—Ken Venturi, Arnold Palmer and Billy Casper—among them have captured seven tournaments and \$70,000 so far, but the winner's spoils at the other 18 tournaments have gone to 17 different golfers. Dutch Harrison, 47, won at Culiente, and Gary Player, 22, was first at the Kentucky Derby Open.

A handful of foreign invaders, working diligently to collect American dollars, have had successful campaigns thus far. Led by Canada's Stan Leonard, who carried off the profitable Las Vegas Tournament of Champions, they have reaped over \$55,000 and two tournament titles. Leonard has earned \$17,086, South Africa's Player \$9,861, Canada's Al

Balding \$7,065, Argentina's Roberto De Vicenzo \$10,532, and an Australian trio of Peter Thomson, Bruce Crampton and Frank Phillips has collected some \$8,000 among them. The 43-year-old Leonard now owns a streak of 32 straight tournaments in which he has finished in the money, and De Vicenzo was stopped after 31.

Missing from the upcoming summer schedule will be George S. May's All-American and World Champion-

roughly to \$1 per player for each \$1,000 offered in prize money. Most of the tournament sponsors, by agreement, are turning these fees over to the PGA to finance the Tournament Bureau's \$140,000-a-year budget.

To fill the gap left by May's World, new sponsors eagerly jumped forward with a \$50,000 Chicago Open, July 31-August 3, and the renewed Eastern Open in Baltimore, July 24-27, will replace May's All-American. In addition, the two richest events—the \$52,000 Buick Open at Grand Blanc, Mich., June 19-22, played over the longest (7,280 yards) course on the circuit, and the similarly generous Pepsi Open at East Norwich, N.Y., June 26-29—have been added to the summer program. This has made it sufficiently appetizing for veterans Cary Middlecoff and Sam Snead, who usually bypass most of the hot-weather affairs, to announce that they will be on hand for two-thirds of them.

In an effort to lure some of these lustrous names to its championship, the PGA has abandoned its week-long match-play format and this year will hold a 72-hole stroke-play event. PGA officials believe that medal play will attract large galleries by keeping the name players around longer. However, it should be added, match play has its own unique flavor and appeal, and what the PGA has done, in another sense, is to downgrade its championship into just another weekly circuit event, with no distinction of its own.



LEONARD LEADS FOREIGN INVASION

ships. This flamboyant Chicago business engineer yanked his high-paying events off the circuit in a dispute over who was to retain the players' entry fees, himself or the PGA Tournament Bureau. These fees amount

## The leaders at mid-year

### MONEY WINNERS

ARNOLD PALMER	\$24,531
KEN VENTURI	23,347
BILLY CASPER	21,773
DOW FINGERWALD	17,315
JAY HERBERT	17,285
STAN LEONARD	17,086
FRANK STRANAHAN	16,637
DOUG FORD	15,669
BILLY MAXWELL	14,860
TOMMY DOLT	14,315

### TTT POINTS

DOW FINGERWALD	463½
DOUG FORD	430
BILLY MAXWELL	401
ART WALL	394
JAY HERBERT	385
BO WININGER	341
BILLY CASPER	340½
KEN VENTURI	332½
DAVE RAGAN	318½
WESLEY ELLIS	317
PAUL HARNET	317

### STROKES PER ROUND

SAM SNEAD	69.20
GARY PLAYER	69.94
KEN VENTURI	70.16
CARY MIDDLECOFF	70.39
DOW FINGERWALD	70.79
BILLY CASPER	70.94
JAY HERBERT	71.02
DOUG FORD	71.07
TOMMY DOLT	71.08
ARNOLD PALMER	71.10





BILL WOTHERSPOON, Southern Hills CC, Tulsa

## Tip from the Top

### Using the speed muscles

**W**hy do some small men attain greater distance hitting the golf ball than some big men? It is simply because they have the ability to use the muscles most important in golf to the fullest degree. As a result they create the greatest possible clubhead speed within the proper arc.

The loss of the correct path of the swing is caused by the golfer's using the "big muscles" when he starts his downswing. Using them gives him a fallacious sense of power, but what it actually does is to throw him into the wrong arc, and this results in a top, a pull, a slice or a weak hit. These big muscles, the strongest in the body except for those in the legs, are in the shoulders and back. These must be inactive when you start the downswing. Keeping them inactive is what produces a delayed action at the top of the swing which is apparent in the technique of all good players.

When a golfer acquires the ability to start the downswing without using the destructive big muscles in the shoulder and back—particularly on the right side—his arc will improve and he has an increasing chance to cultivate the coordination of the proper muscles. These muscles do not feel as powerful as the big muscles but they actually create much greater clubhead velocity. In our day-to-day lives, a right-handed person uses his right side without deliberation for almost everything he does. In golf, to gain a balancing use of the left side, so necessary to the swing, a golfer must understand the necessity of suppressing the strong right-side muscles which otherwise would dominate the swing.



Incorrect—player is attempting to overpower ball by using the big muscles as he starts down from the top



Correct—player has eliminated using the impeding big muscles

A. Russell

NEXT WEEK: Dore Marr on putting spin on the ball

"It says here, and I quote, —"



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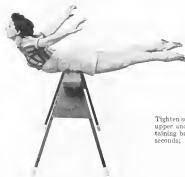
## Bringing up the rear

# 43

A balancing act to help tone up  
abdomen, thighs and seat muscles

This sawhorse exercise may look as though it were calculated to break you in two, but actually it is quite simple. It involves toning up not only the abdominal muscles but also the muscles of the seat and thighs. After you have done it for a few weeks you will find you have acquired firmer thighs and seat and a flatter abdomen, and your balance will have improved. Remember, your exercise session should last 15 minutes every day.

Lie across the sawhorse and relax, allowing arms and legs to sink to floor and keeping muscles as loose as possible.



Tighten seat muscles and raise upper and lower body, maintaining balance. Hold for five seconds; repeat five times.



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## SAN FRANCISCO

continued from page 15

Seals Stadium, whom, trailing 11-1 going into the last half of the ninth inning, the Giants scored nine times and were denied a tie, and possibly victory, only by a great game-ending catch by Bill Mazeroski.)

The Giants had started the season in fine style in California, walloping the Dodgers, then roared eastward on a highly successful road trip. Last week they came home in first place. Their first games at home after the road trip were against Milwaukee, the first time the Braves had played in California. Originally, this series was the one everyone planned to go to because everyone wanted to see the Braves, the world champions. But now suddenly it had turned into one of baseball's beloved crucial series, a

battle between the two best (for the moment) teams in the league.

Well, it turned out that the Braves won two of the three games and tumbled the Giants into second place. But if the casual reader thinks that San Francisco was disappointed, or disillusioned, or that the bubble finally did burst, or that taxpayers' suits were hurriedly refilled, do not be misled. Defeat or no defeat, this series was the artistic triumph of the San Francisco dramatic season.

For instance, in the first inning of the first game there was an easy fly ball to center field. Willie Mays stood still, waiting for the ball, punched his glove once and then again, a gesture that absolutely delights San Franciscans, and caught the ball waist-high, with the palm of his glove up, in his famous basket catch. It was an utterly simple play, but it

had the Willie Mays trademark and the crowd loved it. People turned to each other, grinning, as if to say, "Yes, that's Willie."

The Giants took the lead, lost it, fell behind. In the fifth Willie came to bat with two on and nobody out. The crowd was gleeful. "Come on, Willie!" it shouted. Willie took a strike, a ball, fouled a pitch off. The crowd's confidence changed to pleading: "Willie! Come on!" Willie then popped a double down the right field line to drive in one run. An odd double play followed, leaving Willie on base by himself with two out. Orlando Cepeda grounded to Ed Mathews at third for what should have been the third out, but Mays, coming down from second, scooted across in front of the third baseman. Mathews' throw to first was wide for an error; Willie made a big turn around

## PERUCHIN AND HIS "BOADIES"

Orlando Cepeda, the 20-year-old first baseman of the Giants, pranced up to 59-year-old Hank Sauer, patted him on the head and tickled the back of his neck. Sauer glared in mock anger, but Cepeda grinned at him fondly and announced in his Spanish-accented English: "He's my boady."

Everyone is Orlando's "boady." Everyone is also "cute," which means, apparently, "smart guy," and is sometimes complimentary, sometimes not. To Coach Herman Franks, Cepeda says: "Hey. You my coach. You cute." To another Caribbean player, who was ribbing him about his English, Cepeda muttered: "Yeah. You hot dog. You think you speak better English than me. You cute. Forget it."

Last week the buoyant young Cepeda was batting .337 for the season, with 13 home runs, 37 runs scored and 38 runs batted in. Manager Bill Rigney of the Giants says: "He's the second-best 20-year-old rookie I ever saw. The other one was Willie Mays."

Cepeda was born in Ponce, Puerto Rico, on September 17, 1937, the son of Pedro Cepeda, who many say was the greatest of all Puerto Rican ballplayers. The father, who died in 1955, two days before Orlando's debut in organized baseball, was called Peruchin. Now, in Puerto Rico, his son is known by the diminutive, Peruchin. Talking of his father last week, Orlando said, "He was the greatest, he was one of the great players. He was the best hitter. He play till he was 45 years old. He say he tired, be going to quit. So he went three for



four in his last game. When I was a kid, any place I go people say, 'There's Peruchin's son.'"

He grew up in Santurce, where he lives in the off season with his mother, his brother Pedro and a cousin, also Pedro. A married sister, Asunciola, lives in New York. Of his early career Cepeda said: "I no could hit. Good fielder, but no hit. When I was 15, on 15th birthday, I had operation on my legs. I was in hospital long time, and I grew. Gained 43 pounds in two months. Hundred and seventy. Big. Before I was in hospital we had a short wall. I couldn't hit over it. But afterward, whoosh!"

Cepeda played Little League and amateur ball and finally was a benchwarmer on the great Santurce team of 1954-55 (whose star was Willie Mays) before sign-

ing with the Giants. He had three brilliant seasons in the minors and moved up to the majors this spring.

In San Francisco he lives with Ruben Gomez and his wife. Cepeda, 10 years younger, has known Gomez since he was 4. This long, close relationship was responsible for Cepeda's biggest headline, in Pittsburgh recently, when a near riot came after Gomez and Pittsburgh Manager Danny Mortangh exchanged harsh words. Cepeda, seeing Gomez in trouble, was ready to do battle with a bat. Willie Mays saved the day by tackling Cepeda (obese) and the furor died. Orlando now doesn't say much about the incident, except to protest a general innocence. It's just as well. He's far more valuable to the Giants whacking baseballs with his bat than skulls.

third; Milwaukee's first baseman, Joe Adcock, threw back to Mathews to try to nip Willie off the base; the ball shot past to the grandstand fence for a second error; Willie ambled home with the tying run.

The Giants went ahead in the sixth, but a two-run homer in the eighth put the Braves back in the lead. They were ahead 7-5 when the Giants came to bat in the ninth against Relief Pitcher Don McMahon. Mays led off with a triple. Cepeda scored Willie with a single, and Whitey Lockman followed with another single. That was the Giants' high-water mark, but they had the tying and winning runs on base at the last out. In the press box, Don Davidson, the Braves' publicity man, sighed with relief. "That's as hard as I've ever seen McMahon hit," he muttered. A San Francisco writer grinned at him: "That's what they said in Philadelphia when we blasted Dick Farrell. Can't understand it, they said."

The next day the Braves scored first. The Giants tied it up. Then Willie hit another little pop fly to right that fell in for a hit, went for two bases and made it, sliding in just under the throw. He took a big lead. The fun of Willie Mays on base is, the whole world is watching him, waiting for him to steal. When he broke for third there was a great roar. He was there almost before the pitch reached the plate, and when it bounced in the dirt and got through the catcher Willie raced on into home, sliding in safely to put the Giants ahead.

By the third inning the Giants had a 7-1 lead. "It isn't enough," a man said. He was right. The Braves got a run back in the fifth, another in the seventh, another in the eighth and three more on a home run with two out in the ninth. Thousands of spectators were jammed in the exits waiting for the last out stayed jammed. The Giants failed to score in the ninth. In the 10th the Braves scored twice. Now, certainly, the Giants were through, but the crowd still lingered in the exits. With two out and no one on base in the Giant half of the 10th, Hank Sauer pinch-hit. Naturally, the count went to three and two, and, naturally, Sauer hit a home run. Bob Schmidt pinch-hit. He hit a home run. The score was tied again. And Willie Mays was up. "What a show," a man said, standing on his tiptoes in the exit ramp, trying to see, "What a show." Willie singled and on the first pitch stole



**THE ROOKIES** (clockwise from lower left): Jim Davenport, 3B; Bob Schmidt, C; Willie Kirkland, RF (sent back to minors last weekend); and Orlando Cepeda, 1B.

second. He broke for third and he had it stolen, but the batter struck out to end the inning. That was the Giant high-water mark that day: the winning run at third base in the 10th inning. In the 11th inning, the Braves scored again and this time the Giants went down quietly. The crowd went home, almost relieved that the game was finally over.

Warren Spahn of the Braves had a no-bitter and a 2-0 lead into the fourth inning of the third game. Then Willie made the first hit, a single, and the Giants went on to tie the score. In the sixth Willie singled again. Spahn tried to pick him off first, failed, tried again and threw wild past the bag, and Willie raced around to third. A moment later he scored the tie-breaking run when Jablonski singled. In the eighth, inevitably it seemed, the Braves tied the score again. It remained tied through the ninth, the 10th, the 11th. Finally, in the 12th, Willie singled, Jim Finigan followed with a short double down the right field line and Mays came all

the way around in an attempt to end the game. He was cut down at the plate, but Cepeda came through with a single to left to score Finigan with the winning run.

The series was over. The Giants had salvaged only one game, and they had lost first place. But the show they had put on in Seals Stadium seemed to be the only thing San Franciscans were talking about. This was their team now, win or lose. A naval officer, stationed in Oakland but heretofore a lifelong Dodger fan, said reluctantly, "I'm afraid I have to admit that I'm beginning to root for these fellows a little."

END

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Richard Mead, Morris Rosenthal; 6—A. P. Bessoff's Photo Press, Inc.; A. P. 7—Kevynne, Coco y Cienega; U. P. 8—Bruce Worsfold, Jacksonville Herald; U. P. 9—Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph; Southford, Mass. A. P. 10—Mel Margul, 14, 15—U. P. 11, 22—24—unknown; 16—Apostrophe; 17—Clark 190, 18—19—Newman; U. P. 20, 29—Landon, Ed Foley; 30—The Kinsler Corp. 32—Loh, U. P. 34, 35—A. P. 40—42—Fred Hughes from Radio City; 44—Horne; 1 Korb; 45—Morris Rosenthal; 100—Hawkins; 101, 102—L. S. 103—50—U. P. 31—Howard Hodson; 52—New York Herald Tribune; 54—U. P. 55—John G. Zimmerman; 61—64—Joel Sayre; 65—map by Jack Egan.

## TIM TAM

continued from page 12

Jimmy Jones himself had a high respect for Cavan, and in preparing his racing strategy with jockey Ismael Valenzuela it was Cavan he had foremost in his mind when he said, "I told the boy not to move too soon, because if we got to the front too soon Tim Tam likes to loaf a bit, and then Milo would only have to whip him up all the way home to keep that Cavan from getting to him."

In the other camp, meanwhile, the air was full of Irish optimism. Cavan's Boston owner, Joseph E. O'Connell, had awakened each morning last week with the firm conviction, so he happily announced to his pretty wife, that Cavan was going to win. His trainer, Tom Barry, by some coincidence, had the same sort of feeling and good logic to justify it. "This horse has the sort of breeding to go any distance you can name," said Barry. "What's more, he's been lightly raced up to now and is just coming into his own." Barry and jockey Pete Anderson also had a few surprises in store for Calumet or any other rivals who may have thought that Cavan would run from way out of it (in the Peter Pan, Cavan trailed

by 14 lengths and won by four). "My orders to Pete," said the smiling Irishman later, "were to try and stay two lengths ahead of Tim Tam and forget what everybody else was doing. Every time Tim Tam made a move on us, Pete was to let Cavan out another notch. By my count, Tim Tam did try to get by us three times—and three times he missed it."

The third time, of course, was the crucial—and tragic—time. The pair of them had been trailing moderately well off the pace set by Page Seven and then by Chance It Tony, but as they went into the far turn both Cavan and Tim Tam let out on the throttle. As they came out of this turn and to the top of the stretch Cavan had skillfully swung through on the inside to take a length-and-a-half lead, but there was Tim Tam ranging up on the outside poised and ready for the duel which was already sending the crowd of 44,000 into a rolling roar that increased in both volume and intensity with each hoof-beat.

Suddenly now the picture changed. Valenzuela, going to his whip, noticed his horse swerving dangerously to the inside. Another crack with the whip and Tim Tam started hearing out. "Up to then he had been going



CARNATIONS TO CAVAN AND ANDERSON

fine," said Milo. "Going great," added Jones. "We were just about head and head with Cavan, and when Milo got into his horse I thought we were all set to roll on by him."

Tim Tam did not, however, roll by. Somewhere up there in the dusty reaches of the far stretch the colt must have taken a bad step. The pain of a fractured bone notwithstanding, he hobbled his way bravely on and, although he never could make up ground on Cavan, he was so much the best of the others that he beat the third horse, Flamingo, by nearly six lengths.

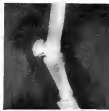
We should be reluctant to detract from Cavan's splendid victory (although his time of 2:30 1/5 was only fair), but it may be too early to hail the Belmont winner as the new leader of his generation. The question will be argued—but never answered—as to what a Tim Tam-Cavan stretch duel would have produced, and, unfortunately for Cavan, good as he may be, his win in this 90th Belmont will always be regarded as a tragedy-marked upset rather than as the best-horse-won type of victory. But Cavan, in this year of generally mediocre 3-year-olds, has a world of opportunity ahead of him. His distance bloodlines (he is by Mossborough out of Willow Ann, by Solario) will stand him in excellent stead when the races lengthen out in the fall, and if this crew of jolly Irishmen elects to face older horses in the rich weight-for-age tests, Cavan can expect to find all the competition any ambitious 3-year-old could ask for. Some that he might have to meet could be Gallant Man, Round Table and Bold Ruler. Just the thought of these races would make a Tim Tam fan weep right now—if there was "a cry in him."

END

## THE BREAK THAT LOST THE BELMONT STAKES



Minutes after the race, Veterinarian Charles Allen aligns equipment to take telling X-ray (below) of injured Tim Tam's right foreleg. Thin black line shows a fracture in the osseous bone, one of two bones in horse's ankle. Injury may be caused by putting too much weight on bone while running in off-balance position. A similar injury caused retirement of 1950 Belmont winner, Middleground, after he had won two Triple Crown races. Since osseous bones are not self-knitting, colt is unlikely to race again, but injury will not affect his value as a sire of potential champions.





## Easy ways to give the simplest suppers that cosmopolitan flair

Smart hostesses from Murray Hill to Nob Hill know this secret of success: keep the dinner simple and add a real flourish with the easy-to-fix drinks shown here. Your parties will be the envy of the neighborhood. But why not see for yourself?



### GREEN MINT JULEP

3 or 4 ounces, 1/4 oz. Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe. Fill tall glass or mug with shaved ice and stir gently until outside is frosted. Decorate with sprig of mint leaves and green cherry.



### ALEXANDER

1 oz. Hiram Walker's Brown Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Gin, 1 oz. fresh cream. Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass. Sprinkle nutmeg on top.



### BLACKBERRY FRAPPE

Frost 2 oz. Hiram Walker's Blackberry Flavored Brandy, over cracked ice in cocktail glass. It's so easy. The easiest—the natural flavor of fresh picked blackberries.



### BLACKBERRY SOUP

1 1/2 oz. Hiram Walker's Blackberry Flavored Brandy, puree of 1/4 lemon. Shake with cracked ice and strain into "soup" glass. Add squirt of soda.



### CARUSO COCKTAIL

3/4 oz. London Dry Gin, 3/4 oz. French (dry) Vermouth, 3/4 oz. Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe. Stir well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.



### TWO-STRIPER

3/4 oz. Hiram Walker's Brown Creme de Cacao, 3/4 oz. Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe. Pour Creme de Cacao first. Then add Creme de Menthe, pouring it gently down inside of glass.

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*BEGINNING*

# GEORGIE'S ROARING RIVER





*Richard A. Smith*

The Colorado River, roaring down the Grand Canyon, challenges the rapids rider with some of the most fearsome white water in the world. On the following page, Joel Sayre begins the

story of the rapids and of a woman who tamed them for tourists—Georgie White, shown here sitting on a rock above the Horn Rapids as she watches two of her boats go down the chute

**"On a picnic in  
Puerto Rico, I discovered  
a new kind of rum,"**

*says Leonard Woods Bughman  
of Ligonier, Pennsylvania*

"Two things surprised me about Puerto Rico," says Leonard Bughman. "The climate—and the rum."

"I had never tasted anything like Puerto Rican rum before. It is startlingly dry. Clear. Like the Caribbean itself—fresh and full of sunlight."

"The picture illustrates the climate. Those are *Paso Fino* horses. A remarkable breed with a gait so smooth that you can carry a rum Collins in the saddle and not spill a drop."

Len Bughman lanches high among the Alps of the Caribbean. "It's amazing how many of my friends are now serving rum—and planting their own picnics in Puerto Rico," says Mr. Bughman.



# 'THE AVERAGE CAN'T IMAGINE!'

That's how Georgie White describes running the Colorado—and a fellow voyager herewith agrees

by JOEL SAYRE



RIVERMAN GEORGIE in her characteristic boating dress poses classically against backdrop of the Grand Canyon.

A CONTINUED metallic banging woke me, and at once came the roar of the river, as loud as Niagara Falls. Georgie was standing at the foot of my air mattress—the nights had been too warm for a sleeping bag—pounding the bottom of one of the big stewpots with a monkey wrench. There was that contrast of her light blue eyes with her near-Navajo shade of tan, and she had on her black halter and shorts. Once again I wondered how any female in her mid-40s could have managed to be a vegetarian and hang on to such a pretty pair of legs. The hat she wore, haloing her brown ringlets, was actually a miniature mauve parasol, anchored to a skull cap; Doc Frederick, one of our passengers, had presented it to her, after oratory, in Flagstaff the night before we went into the water.

Georgie was saying something, but the river was making so much noise I couldn't hear her, so I sat up in the blanket and cupped a hand behind an ear. "Hit the deck, you old goat," was what she had said. "We got big things ahead today. The average can't imagine."

In Georgie talk, "the average

can't imagine" means that something is, or is likely to be, out of this world. "Miscellaneous" is a heavy-duty word in Basic Georgieish. "What was that rapid?" some silly female passenger would ask, after the boat had just passed through a trivial riffle. Busy with her steering and scanning the river ahead, Georgie would say, "That was miscellaneous." And what she can do in the way of spranning a proper name is usually spectacular. Fred Elsemann was our head boatman; in the log Georgie faithfully and painfully scrawled out each night his name invariably appeared as Eisenhower. Everybody who takes this trip visits a place called Elves Chasm; Georgie calls it Elf's Chazum, the *ch* pronounced as in cheese. But Georgie's speech forms, though fascinating, are unimportant. When you try to write as honestly as you can about Georgie, it sometimes reads as though you were making fun of her. Nothing is further from my mind. I have gone on three inland voyages commanded by this remarkable woman, I intend to go on more of them, and I admire her immensely.

On this particular July morning,

I was a six-day veteran of the Georgie White 1955 Colorado River Expedition, bound from Lee's Ferry, Arizona, through the Grand Canyon and down to Lake Mead, which sloshes over into Nevada—a trip that would last three weeks and cover more than 300 miles. We were even racking up a little small-bore history. Since the great John Wesley Powell made the first run down the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon in 1869, fewer than 300 persons in all had made it in the 85 years intervening, and when we reached Lake Mead, we would be the largest group that ever brought it off. Including Georgie and her husband, whom everybody called Whitey, her brother Paul and her sister-in-law Mavis, we were 28 head.

Of greater significance historically than our numbers, however, was the nature and condition of our craft, which were of rubber, or, rather, of neoprene, the synthetic rubberlike plastic. Georgie had by no means introduced rubber boats on the Colorado (the first rubber boat as such appeared in 1938, and this Canyon run was only Georgie's third with paying

continued

guests aboard); but in the disposition of her flotilla she had devised a technique that was to have far-reaching consequences.

About halfway through her 1954 trip, she was inspired to lash together, side-by-side, the three 10-man Navy life rafts her party of a dozen were traveling in. Up to then, at nearly all the most dangerous rapids, the rafts, each weighing 350 pounds, had been separately portaged or lashed. Some of the portages took hours to make; several took the better part of a day. (Portaging is, of course, carrying a boat around a rapid; lashing is slowly paying it through a rapid with lines attached to its bow and stern.) For the rest of the trip Georgie's inspiration did away with portaging, that curse of the Grand Canyon run. All the remaining rapids were shot in the lashed raft triad, with the exception of Lava Falls, which was still lined through. In an inverted chamber of commerce spirit this colossal rapid has been bragged of as "the greatest widow-maker of them all"; even the most experienced and skillful professional rivermen almost always skip shooting Lava Falls.

In case the reader has never seen a 10-man Navy life raft, it is 17 feet long, eight feet wide, black in color, tubular on its perimeter (which is shaped like a paper clip slightly pointed at one end), propelled by a

single pair of oars, and can support between five and six tons of dead weight. A rock could tear the whole bottom out of one of these rafts and the inflated perimeter would still stay afloat.

Georgie realized that in the lashed raft triad she had stumbled on to something good. In rough water the three boats steadied each other. Also, the Three Boat, as it came to be known, though ugly and graceless, had proved surprisingly maneuverable. It couldn't, of course, be rowed from the center raft; but two oarsmen, each with a single oar and stationed respectively on the starboard and port sides, could handle it quite well. It had seemed best to keep the Three Boat's axis right-angled to the current rather than parallel to it while going down the "tongue"—a rapid's portion of fast, smooth water leading to its waves, or snaking through its spaced-out rocks, or grazing past a deadly cliff wall in a giant C-shaped curve.

**Y**ES, now that portaging was eliminated, the Three Boat would do all right. But still Georgie wasn't satisfied, for there had been that lining through Lava Falls. Wasn't there something bigger than rafts to which the lashed triad principle could be applied—and produce a craft that would be capable of shooting every rapid on the river, Lava included? And be safe enough to carry anybody

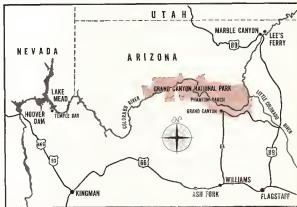
from small children to old ladies? Georgie brooded all winter, then shopped around the Los Angeles surplus stores. The craft she came up with was the most astonishing ever seen on the Colorado.

It was a lashed triad of Navy neoprene bridge pontoons. Each pontoon was about a dozen feet longer than a raft, proportionately wider and heavier, rose higher from the water and contained within its oval perimeter a "sausage," which was a great inflated tube with blunted ends. This unit, called the Big Boat, carried three 10-hp Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motors. Generally, however, only one was in use at a time; the other two were for purposes of emergency or cannibalizing, as the shearing of propeller pins from collisions with submerged rocks was considerable. For grace of execution and beauty of line, the Three Boat, compared with the Big Boat, was the trimmer of kayaks. When the old-timers on the river got their first look at the Big Boat, their eyes popped and their Adam's apples went up and down like pistons.

The morning that Georgie woke me with the stopwatch alarm clock, we were camped on the left bank just above Hance Rapid, which we were to shoot the first thing after breakfast. Fairly late on the previous afternoon we had landed there, unloaded the boats, chosen spots for our air mattresses ("girls upstream; boys

## IF YOU WANT TO RUN THE CANYON . . .

Georgie White's complete Grand Canyon run from Lee's Ferry to Lake Mead (see map) is scheduled thrice yearly between May and July, takes 19 days and costs \$300. One-week trip (\$125) may be taken by leaving the tour at Phantom Ranch, two-week trip (\$200) by joining tour there. Georgie also offers a Cataract Trip (described next week) down the Green River to the Colorado and thence to Hite, Utah (seven days, \$100) and, in August, three trips on the Salmon and Snake rivers in Idaho. For reservations write or wire Georgie White, 435 West Laconia Blvd., Los Angeles 51, or phone Plymouth 5-3125 or 1289 in Los Angeles. A deposit of \$100 is required for the Grand Canyon trip, \$25 for all the others.



downstream"), then, while dinner was being prepared, had dugged over the cruel boulder-strewn terrain which always seems to lie along rapids and inspected Hance itself.

Tomorrow was to be a heavy day. Hance would be followed by two more alleged widow-makers called Soek-dolager and Grapevine. But after that it would be a milk run to Phantom Ranch at the foot of Bright Angel Trail where cold beer, showers, kitchen-cooked food (for the past six days we had been eating out of tins) and beds were available.

Inspecting Hance in the falling afternoon light scared the liver out of me. In Columbus, Ohio, in 1910, my parents took me to a lantern slide lecture by Julius Stone, a local wealthy sportsman who had made a fortune from the manufacture of fire engines. His subject was a boat trip he and four other men had taken the previous fall down the Colorado. The trip began at Green River, Wyoming, where the great Powell had started his in 1869, and arrived safely at Needles, California after 69 days, during which seven rapids had been portaged and 21 lined. I did not retain these details from Mr. Stone's lecture, being 9 years of age on the occasion, but I never forgot my reaction to those lantern slides of his. There had been a professional photographer on the trip, and his pictures of the waves hurling the little chips that were the boats filled me with terror.

Now 45 years later, through the vagaries of journalism, I myself was on the Colorado and seized by the same terror I had felt at that lecture. To me, the sight of Hance in action was pure horror. The river was comparatively narrow here, and there was so much water in it; it hurtled at such dreadful speed, with every drop at a full rolling boil. There were waves: not wind-made, but the kind created by very fast water crashing into very big rocks. The holes, however, scared me far worse than the waves did.

When a river races down on an enormous chunk of rock upthrust in its path, it rushes around its edges and then, finally, over its top until eventually the whole rock is submerged. On the rock's downstream side, this inexorable piece of river gouges a concavity in the water: the bigger the rock and the swifter the current tearing over it, the deeper the hole. All down the length of this

continued



TOM KELLEY TOOK THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF ART PINDER, WHO HAS BREASTED ANCHUS OTHER WATERS, A \$47.50 TIE-UP SHIRT. LOCATION: THE FLORIDA KEYS

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rapid you could see evil-looking humps where those gigantic brutes of slablike rocks lay, while the river tore over them, then gouged holes that seemed deep enough to swallow the Big Boat without even gulping. Nowhere I looked was there anything but white water in the most wild and violent tumult. I couldn't conceive of how we could get through Hance and survive.

Besides, if any survival were to be vouchsafed by the Almighty, I would be in the worst possible spot to get a share. The first two days out of Lee's Ferry, I had ridden in the Big Boat, but found it tame. The next two I was in the Three Boat, which was rowed by Fred Klaeman, or Eisenhower, and Floyd Henney, an engineer who worked for the Los Angeles County Flood Control Authority. That had been a lot more stimulating, but to round out my research I traveled on the fifth and sixth days in a single 10-man raft rowed by Paul De Rosa, Georgie's brother, a uranium prospector who in his younger days had been a professional middleweight, fighting in and around Denver. We got what struck me as some fine teasing about those last two days, and I enjoyed it most. I made Paul promise to let me ride with him on the seventh day through Hance, Sockdolager and Grapevine.

That, of course, was before I had seen Hance. Blasted and overweening I had become (the Colorado, I had pompously reflected, had calmed down considerably since the Julius Stone expedition); but now that I had had my first look at a live, big league rapid, I was in a complete flap, with a trauma from childhood working wide-open.

I passed a very bad night. "What in the hell are you doing here?" I kept asking myself. "Think of your age and state of decay: it's absolutely idiotic." Things I had read in preparation for the trip came back, especially fragments from a paragraph in Edwin Corle's *The Story of the Grand Canyon*, which kept pinwheeling in my head: "The Colorado is the most dangerous river in the world . . . one of the most unpredictable . . . a wild river surging through a wild country, and in proportion to the number of men who have tried to make use of it, it has taken a high toll of lives. . . ." Sleep arrived at dawn, the sleep of tortured exhaustion.



GEORGIE'S FLEET, ready for the river, is made up of Three Boat (foreground), Big Boat lying lengthwise behind Three Boat, and single rafts. Author Sayre is third

At breakfast Georgie drew me aside and asked if I would like to change places with somebody in the Big Boat, just for today. Well, a man may admit to himself that he's scared, but he hates to admit it to any female he has regard for.

"Certainly not," I snapped with an asperity utterly bogus. "Paul promised—" "O.K., then," Georgie said, looking at me doubtfully, I thought, "but if anything happens, try and get a piece of the boat. Anything happens, the boat's always your best friend."

GEORGIE had removed the parasol hat. The black, waterproof, piratical-looking chests we stowed our personal duffel in were made extra fast inside the boats with quarter-inch nylon cord; everybody got into his life jacket, tying the strings and adjusting the crotch straps with unusual care. Whitey jerked a lanyard and started the Big Boat's center outboard. As always, Georgie would go into the rapid first. Once through it, she would pull ashore and wait for the other units in case rescue work or the fishing out of cadavers were called for.

Hance didn't look as infernal in the sunshine of early morning as it had in yesterday afternoon's long shadows, though to me it still looked too preposterous for mortals to tackle; but

Georgie and Paul had an air of calm and assurance that was encouraging. I decided to run down the bank as far as I could to watch the Big Boat.

Unlike the Three Boat, the Big Boat did her best with her bow headed downstream, in normal boatly fashion. At Hance the tongue comes in from the right, so, to get into it, Georgie crossed to the other bank. But the wind was blowing up canyon—as usual, when it would have been nice behind you—and kept the Big Boat pinned perpendicular to the current until, bow!, she hit one of those holes. Sheets of water poured over both side pontoons, and they sank out of sight. The center pont went down, then, bump!, it bounced so high out of the water I could see that one propeller blade had been broken off by some dirty, submerged dog of a rock; but the other blade was still whirling away. The side pontoons were up now, with the females in them screaming but also laughing between screams in fine style, like roller-coaster riders. At this point I tripped over a log and fell sprawling; by the time I got to my feet, the Big Boat had disappeared. Somehow—from that pleased female screaming, I guess—I felt better about Georgie's chances of getting through. But, oh, those holes!

Fred Eiseman and Floyd Henney were now ready to take the Three



from left in Three Boat, George, sixth from left, is perched on Big Boat's stern.

Boat off. Floyd is built like a Big Ten tackle; Fred not only teaches science at the John Burroughs School, a country day establishment in St. Louis, but also coaches football and baseball there and lifts weights during the winter, so he isn't scrawny, either. String holder for Floyd would be Dan Davis, a ranger from the National Park Service who was making the trip. (His chief had assigned him to it to study the river, as the NPS is called on continually to do rescue work and body recovery in the Colorado.) A short length of nylon cord was attached to each rowlock; in rough water the passenger facing the oarsman would take a tight hold on the cord to keep the rowlock from bouncing out of its socket. Fred's string holder was Margaret Gorman, a very attractive public school teacher from Sacramento, who financed her summer forays into the Southwest by playing hot piano during the other seasons in a local dance orchestra. The Three Boat got nicely into the tongue and headed down it sideways, its component parts undulating like the bellows of a pulled-out accordion. The tongue swung to the left, and the Three Boat swung with it around a bend, out of sight.

I rode in the stern of Paul's single. String holder was Rich Chambers.

continued



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# GEORGIE'S RIVER continued

a junior partner of an old reliable wholesale meat concern in Salem, Oregon; huge, bespectacled and young, he had a lot of white water experience. In the bow sat Eunice Tjaden, a pleasant young librarian of Scandinavian descent from Peoria, Illinois. Paul, who is about 6 feet tall—he must have been an odd-looking middleweight: all chest and pipe-stem legs—sat with his broad back to me as he rowed.

Every good Grand Canyon riverman in dangerous water faces downstream and rows against the current; in this way he can best keep an eye on his hazards and take measures to avoid them. (Avoidance is the cardinal desideratum of all sound rapid shooting.) This classic face-downstream-pull-upstream technique was introduced on the Colorado by Nathan Galloway, a taciturn Mormon trapper who in 1895 invented the decked-over wooden cataraact boat, and on that famous 1909 trip was Julius Stone's head boatman. Cataraact boats—though variously adapted and streamlined since—are still the traditional craft for making the Canyon run; they are no longer used by trappers and explorers, however, but by expert, expensive, professional rivermen for taking well-heeled passengers on trips.

Old Nate Galloway would have applauded Paul for the way he took us through Hance. Had Paul displayed as brilliant footwork and ring generalship during his fistie career, he could have retired undefeated as the middleweight champion of the world. Again and again we were on the outermost edge of disaster, and time after time he would pull us away in an eyelash finish—bobbing and weaving, dodging and ducking, now with short, deft strokes of his oars, now with full-bodied pulls on them with all his might. The grand finale was his knifing us between the biggest rock and the deepest hole in the rapid. Then Hance was all behind us; we had taken some fancy pitching and spinning and shipped a good deal of water, but the whole thing hadn't seemed to me to last more than half a minute. So what the hell had all that silly flap of mine been about?

Wiping the sweat from his face with a forearm, Paul turned and grinned at me. "Them prayers must be working," he said. Back at Lee's

Ferry, just as we were about to pull out in the boats, the Reverend Shine Smith, a freelance missionary famous all over the Navaho country, appeared on the bank with three very old Navahos. The eldest was a singer, as the Navahos call a medicine man, and he blessed the expedition by strewing a pinch of cornmeal on the breeze—the Southwestern Indian equivalent of sprinkling holy water—and prayed in Navaho for the happy completion of our journey. There were other prayers riding with us. Paul was not only rowing the single, he was on his honeymoon. Mavis, his pretty bride from Richfield, Utah, was also a singer, though with dance bands, not Navahos; she hated rapid shooting, always went in the Big Boat, and kept offering up Mormon prayers for Paul's protection.

We bailed the water out of the single, then proceeded a couple of miles to a spot just above Sockdolager for a rendezvous with George and the Three Boat oarsmen, as we always did before any rapid of importance, so that it could be studied in advance and the strategy to be used against it planned. Rapids change from season to season and even sometimes from one day to another, according to the amount of water in the river. That July the river was low, though not exceptionally so.

Sockdolager was named by John Wesley Powell—who gave so many place names to the Colorado—when he got his first look at it in 1869. "She's the sockdolager of the world!" he cried, applying a catchy term of the era for conveying the notion of unusually large size. Major Powell was not joking. Sockdolager Rapid is vast and so constituted that either you shoot it or you go home. It is impossible to portage: the canyon narrows here and the cliff walls are perceptibly higher; rising up and up, they are of ominous-looking, black schist, one of the very oldest of rock breeds and remindful of funeral black marble.

You go into Sockdolager through a kind of big, gloomy schist entrance gate that makes you think of the entrance to some longtime penitentiary, then the river takes you, and for the next two or three furlongs you travel like a bat out of hell, for within that short distance the river drops a couple of dozen feet. Sockdolager has holes, but it is above all else a problem of waves. A fat, thoroughly respectable high wave on the Colorado



has a height of 10 or 12 feet; but the U.S. Geographical Survey once estimated the average fully developed Sockdolager wave at 20 feet from trough to crest. Paul had "cheated," as the rivermen say, through Hance; but there is no way of cheating through Sockdolager, because its jagged cliff walls are too close and too thirsty for your blood. The only strategy is to stick with the waves; just put your head down, so to speak, and ram straight up the middle. That was what Paul did, and he bulldozed the single through Sockdolager in heroic fashion, though if I ever got wetter in my life I can't remember it. And those prayers kept on working through Grapevine, a couple of more miles down the river. At the very end of Grapevine, the single took a terrific bump, which bent me almost double and banged my forehead hard against the thwart in front of me.

BUT it was a neoprene thwart, and I was feeling so fine that I don't think it would have really hurt if it had been made of cast iron. By the time we reached the milk run on that last leg to Phantom Ranch with its attendant hot showers and cold beer, I had completely forgotten about the thwart-smacking. After all the excitement and elation of the day, not to mention the drain from last night's alarm, I felt deliciously tired. And I felt very happy, the way a soldier too long in a battle sector feels when his relief finally arrives. Paul—that personification of Man's triumphant cunning over Nature in the raw—was facing me now, deservedly taking it easy on the oars. We were lasing along. On the other side of Paul, Rich was stretched out relaxed on the single's floor; Eunice, perched in the bow, seemed lost in some bibliophile's daydream. I had the U.S.G.S. map on my knees and noticed that we had just passed a place with the engaging name of Cremation Creek. I was about to mention it to the others, when suddenly Paul sprang up and swiftly shifted to the thwart opposite him, his back toward me in the classic rapid-shooting oarsmen's position. Had he gone crazy? According to the United States Geological Survey, a scrupulous institution, no rapid whatsoever existed at this spot.

But one did—full of waves, mean-looking 10-footers, all hungry for fun and game. I can only conjecture that that damned Colorado whipped that confused



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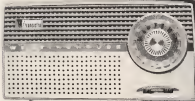
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**SLEEPING HERD** of George's passengers lie peacefully on the beach, wrapped in blankets and sleeping bags, while river, placid at this point, whispers gently by.

#### GEORGIE'S RIVER continued

rapid up especially to teach us the sinfulness of false pride. Paul did a magnificent job fighting those waves, jabbing at them with the boat, feinting them into missing, rolling with their punches. We had got through most of them, and I was sure Paul would get us through the rest, when a little way ahead and just to our left, I saw, oh, my, what a hole! Everybody saw it, of course, but it had hypnotic attraction for me, that hole did: its sides were so slick and they glistened in the sun and they went down and down and down. I could hardly tear my eyes away.

Paul would have got past it, I'll always believe, if a wave, not much of a one, hadn't hit us from the right with a sort of fast sneak punch and pushed us slowly, slowly, holeward—despite all Paul's frantic efforts to row away from it. The interim of decision was like those few moments of ringing silence when you're going under at the start of anesthesia, before the black closes around your consciousness. I did not see Eunice at all, but I saw Rich's big body flying through the air and I saw Paul going down the hole. He went down back first. His eyes were closed, his face was contorted, and his limbs were drawn toward his trunk as though by some muscular convulsion. He looked like a man who had been shot the second before,

shot dead. Then I was under water.

As George had counseled, I got a piece of the boat—the rope strung around the outside of its perimeter. When the boat and I came up, it was floating upside down, and Rich was the first person I saw. A seasoned coper with white water, when he had seen we were inevitably going to go into the hole, he had flung himself overboard. His first act on surfacing was to look for Eunice; she, too, had got a piece of the boat. He then worked his way around the port side and up the starboard till he found that I was O.K., though gurgling. Rich had to shout his questions and encouragements, for the waves were still pounding us and roaring when they broke.

There was no trace of Paul that we could see anywhere in the rapid. We bellowed his name repeatedly and Rich beat on the bottom of the boat, but there were no answering bellows or thumps. I suddenly felt sick. From the look of him as he went down the hole, I was sure Paul had somehow been knocked cold—maybe from the handle of his oar backlashing; and I had read that after the Colorado seized and killed a victim, it loved to hide his body.

Meanwhile our flip had been seen by the people from the Big Boat and the Three Boat, who had been parked downstream, waiting for us to arrive. But by the time their rescue mission

was launched, we were out of the rapid and swimming the single toward shore. Other hands took it from ours, landed and righted it—and suddenly Paul was revealed!

When he had come to the surface after the flip the overturned boat was above him, so he had seized a thwart and clung to it till the rapid was sweated out. That, at least, was the way Paul explained it that afternoon, passing it off as of no consequence. It was not until a year later, when I was on a trip with Georgie in Utah, that I learned the real reason Paul stayed under the boat, and why he didn't answer Rich's poundings. It seems he was busy: at some moment during the flip-over his legs got tangled in a length of rope, and for a frenzied interval he was unable to free himself. Georgie's husband, Whitey, christened the unmapped, anonymous rapid the Little Bastard.

It would have been intolerable if we had gone through many more days like that. In my opinion the Almighty laid out the Grand Canyon run with absolute perfection of design. Every now and then there is something ineffably exciting and exhilarating to attack, but in between come stretches of pence in which you recover from the exhilaration and excitement.

The Colorado is a very complex body of water, complex in the way that a powerful human personality is. I have spoken of it as that damned Colorado, but many times I have truly thought of it as blessed. There is its rapacious, treacherous, merciless, uninhibited side—the one you always read and hear about; but it also has a side that can be generous and beneficent and moving. To sleep on the bank of a great fine river like the Colorado is a splendid thing: a man derives a replenishing inner sustenance from the earth, and from the river, too.

We used to sleep on the sand bars. They always reminded me of the long, shallow, worn, beautiful steps of the palace at Persepolis in Iran. It was erosion by water and wind that made the sand bars look like those ancient steps. At twilight I loved to lie on the air mattress and look up at the rock pictures, drawn by the clefts and scars in the stone, high in the cliffs across the river. The pictures were best in Redwall Canyon—above where the dazzlingly turquoise Little Colorado flows into the cocoa-brown, silt-laden main stream and the Grand Canyon

continued



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officially begins—for in Redwall the walls of the cliffs are colored a marvelous old rose.

It was there I saw the finest pictures, both in high and low relief: many bearded Persians marching in the armies of Darius, and even a few Assyrian winged bulls, though they were not in the Persian train; many medieval knights wearing the snout-helmets or those with the convex visors and the transverse slits for seeing through; and many *hackweas*, those masked and godlike impersonators of gods who dance in the Hopi ceremonials. Once I saw two Apaches with their heads in black bags from which three-pronged ornaments arose like candelabra; they were dressed for the Devil Dance, so-called, though it is actually a dance to celebrate the coming to adolescence of girls.

On the side of a cliff of soft marble was the agonized face of the most beautiful girl I ever saw, in or out of art; her face must have been at least 500 feet high, and she was a brunette. Nearby, but a little smaller, was the face of a baby boy, who was just as lovely in his way as the girl was in hers, but he was blond, and a great tear was rolling down his left cheek. I do not know why I never saw any happy faces, but I did see a funny one in an immense stretch of coarse gray stone by the Kaibab Suspension Bridge where the Bright Angel Trail comes down to the river. It belonged to Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States. He was lying on his back with his shoulders propped up, he was in fury, and clearly he was ravenous, for his mouth was wide open and he was about to stuff one end of a long loaf of French bread into it.

If you like to drink in scenery, looking at the Grand Canyon from the basement, as it were, is not at all the same as looking at it from the observation towers up on its North and South Rims. Up there, where most visitors see it, you are overwhelmed by its immensity and the vast spaciousness of its distribution, staggered by its incredible lavishness; and your mind soon blurs under the capslung jumble of colored post card vistas. Down in the basement the vistas are far better arranged; you can savor their grandeur one at a time, and they have a magnificence all their own. In many parts of the

Canyon run the atmosphere is romantic in a long-gone sense; mystic, reminiscent of Coleridge's ballads. The approach to Horn Creek Rapid has not been very romantically named by the rivermen, I am afraid; they call it the Devil's Spittoon. But the way the river rolled there past towering dark crags, the sinister look of the desolate landscape, and a certain old-engraving feeling which the waning sunlight gave the whole prospect, recalled vividly to me the pictures for *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* made by Paul Gustave Doré, the greatest illustrator that ever lived. Doré would surely have been entranced by the Colorado.

Another boon I enjoyed on the 1955 run was the good talk to be heard from a number of the passengers. Charging popular prices, George has no way of screening prospective clients, therefore draws them of all kinds, on the grab-bag system. That year's grab produced some interesting types and good talkers. For me, our star conversationalists were the National Park Service Ranger Dan Davis, a graduate ethnologist, and Fred Ekerman. Their conversations were mainly about Indians. About Indians I knew only the stereotypes foisted on us by Hollywood; but they knew everything, both academically and from personal experience, and their talk intoxicated me.

Finally, there was Georgie herself, that splendid natural of a woman. She was born of a French father and an Irish mother in a Chicago slum. (Georgie's face is, in general, Irish; but, facially, her brother Paul might have just stepped out of a neomeer's mess in the French army, picking his teeth.) The father, I gathered, was catnip to the ladies, had a roving eye and roving ways; he roved off to Colorado to strike it rich and was killed by an explosion in a mine, leaving nothing for his widow to support her three children on. (Georgie's sister Marie now handles all the paper work and logistics for the river trips.) Georgie's earlier days were hard, and I shall tell something of them in the next installment, and of how she got to California from Chicago by way of New York.

The point here is to evaluate her impact on Colorado River boating. Well, first of all, Georgie is a cut-rate rapid-shooter. She charges \$300 for the three weeks, and if you belong to the Sierra Club of California, she

*continued*



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### GEORGIE'S RIVER *continued*

knocks \$90 off that. Her chief competitor gets \$850 for the same run in the decked-over cataract boats. Until his tragic death in a plane crash, Norman Nevills for a decade had been the cataract boatman's undisputed king; he used to get \$1,000 for the run. A cataract boat is a lovely craft that seems to float above white water and in expert hands can be made to pirouette through danger in a manner thrilling to watch. The reason it costs more to make the run in them is that they aren't to be bought in a surplus store, but are custom-built; there are not a lot of them, and each can carry no more than two passengers besides the boatman.

GEORGIE'S mass production methods have democratized the Colorado. Now the secretary, the skilled mechanic and the college instructor can afford to go with her for an experience they will recall with shining eyes their whole lives long. The payoff on how they feel about it is the extraordinary customer-loyalty Georgie has built up: her passengers go back for more, year after year.

A run with Georgie really does you good. After Hance, I never flapped over a rapid again. When the Three Boat went over Lava Falls, Fred's string holder was Eunice Tjaden, and I held string for Floyd. Floyd gave a mighty dig with his oar, but its blade must have banged a rock or been patted by a wave; anyway the oar handle flew forward and gave me a terrific sock in the jaw. On shore a sock of that caliber would probably have stiffened me for an hour and made me feel sorry for myself a whole week. But in that rapid, and in the burst of joy immediately after, from having ridden through, I minded it no more than a tickle. The average can't imagine.

### Next Week

## CHARACTERS AND CATARACTS

In Part II of *Georgie's Roaring River* Joel Sayre tells more about the extraordinary life of Georgie White, discloses the unusual lifework of Fred Eiseman, and ends with a rip-roaring run down Cataract Canyon.

## 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

### The readers take over

#### INDIANAPOLIS: ERRORS OF JUDGMENT

Sirs,

Much has been written about the catastrophic first lap at this year's Indianapolis "500" (*Lessons of Indianapolis*, SL, June 9). Always the public, and all too often the press, single out one person on whom to place the blame. Ed Elisian's error in judgment was tragic yet not too surprising to those who knew the "500."

A first-lap debacle has long been overdue. The most intelligent bit of writing I have encountered on this controversy is by the *Detroit News'* Harry LeDuc, a writer of tremendous experience in covering racing events. LeDuc said in part: "Ed Elisian is guilty of nothing more than trying to win the major part of \$900,000 Toss that sum among any 33 young, tough and relatively fearless men any place. In an alley, on a football field, in a proving ring or on a race track, and you are going to have a fight, a furious one with few holds barred.... [The accident] was the consequence of a red, poorly calculated. Nothing more.... Of Elisian it may be fairly said that he was giving all he had—plus a try for something he did not have, which were the necessary skill and the judgment."

JOSEPH O. WILSON

Detroit

● For news of Elisian's new chance, see page 24.—ED.

Sirs:

I am fully grateful and respectful of Mr. Hulman's control of the track (the many improvements he has completed) and hopeful that he will continue to preserve the traditions of "Indy." But it must be obvious to him and his track stewards that a change in the traditional start of the race is their biggest mistake. Last year they had a smushup on the pace lap, and now we have lost Pat O'Connor in about the same type of mixup.

Perhaps these mishaps two years running will induce Mr. Hulman to return to the traditional start, and we will have the Speedway back to normal and the great spectacle of sport that it has always been.

GEORGE RILEY

Grand Rapids

#### TURF: WHAT'S IN A NAME

Sirs,

Our family of racing enthusiasts tried very hard to name the colt by Count Fleet out of Gay Rhythm by Blenheim (19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE, May 26) and thought of such names as Cadence Count, Count-down, Noble Blend, Fleet Beat, Tempo

continued



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#### 19TH HOLE continued

Allegro. To get beat by a name like Hastytransit is ridiculous.

When my 16-year-old nephew wanted to read in *Black Beauty* we laughed him down, but the poor kid probably had the winner.

C. J. JOHNSON

Oakland, Calif.

#### Sire:

In connection with the Kentucky Club Tobacco Contest:

Mrs. Dorn should dispose of Hastytransit to Hasty House Farm at Ohio.

From a sire Count Fleet out of Gay Rhythm, I'd like to know if the people responsible for the selection of Hastytransit have all their marbles.

All of Count Fleet's offspring have been aptly named in the past, and I am astounded at their calling the latest of his progeny—Hastytransit.

L. A. KOUSINS

Chicago

• Some other offspring: One Count; Count Turf; County Delight; Countpoint; Sub Fleet; Be Fleet.—ED.

#### BASEBALL: BREAK UP THE YANKEES

#### Sire:

For some strange reason, sportswriters in general seem to avoid coming to a conclusion that has been prevalent among baseball fans for years—that the merriest formula for success would someday catch up with the Yankees and attendance figures would drop sharply. Les Woodcock is to be congratulated for putting his finger on this (SI, May 26).

Let us all stand up and take off our hats to those responsible for the huge success of the Yankees over the last decade. Then let us ask that they give the American League back to the fans and break up their present team. I couldn't imagine a more exciting year for the league than in 1959 to see McDougald in Boston, Skowron in Baltimore, Kuris in Washington, Larsen in Cleveland, Turley in Kansas City, Mantle in Chicago and Kubek in Detroit.

Connie Mack once broke up a great team (1931) to save the sport. It should be done again.

CHARLES J. SCHUBEL, M.D.

Amesbury, Mass.

#### TRACK: HARES AND RABBITS

#### Sire:

In *Rabbits Should Run All the Way* (SI, June 2), you severely criticized Drew Dunlap of Texas for not finishing the race after his pace-setting role in Herb Elliott's record-breaking mile run at the Coliseum Relays. Dunlap never denied the paeing; in fact, he contends that meet officials had asked him to set the pace and that Herb Elliott knew about it.

The meet officials approached Texas Coach Clyde Littlefield with a request that his miler, Joe Villareal, be the rabbit. Littlefield declined, but he suggested that Dunlap be asked. Hoping to spice up the meet with a record or near record,



meet officials then asked Dunlap to set the pace in the first half—which he did. I agree that anyone who starts in a race should be an honest entrant trying to win; however, Drew Dunlap should be vindicated for his compliance to the request that he set a pace. The real villains are the professional amateurs who would like to see a record on the books—even at the expense of a rabbit!

HOWARD DOOLITTLE

Fort Worth

• **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** took its editorial stand against the principle of artificial pace setting, which seems to fall into the same category of athletic gimmicks as elevated jumping shoes and osmium hammers. Drew Dunlap, his innocence outraged, has since stated that he was asked by meet officials to set the pace with Herb Elliott's knowledge. —ED.

#### LETTERS FROM FAITHFUL FOLLOWERS

Sirs:

This is a fan letter. I've never liked sports even as a spectator. My husband was captain of his college football team, yet I can't tell you what position he played. My knowledge and interest in sports was nil before we subscribed to your splendid weekly magazine.

Now I do Bonnie Prudden exercises, read Mr. Goren's page first—EVENTS AND DISCOVERIES second. Then I read your whole magazine—some other magazines must gather dust while I steal **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** from my husband.

My devotion is nothing compared to the love my husband has for your weekly editions. The football issue for '57 is fraid from so much use.

Just a suggestion, couldn't you come out twice a week?

Mrs. F. E. ACKER

Rancho Cordova, Calif.

Sirs:

You cannot be commended too highly on your *Big League Secrets* series.

Aside from bring of tremendous general interest we find it has captured our 13- through 15-year-old ballplayers as completely as comic books. Please don't wince at the comparison. If you know these teen-agers it is quite a compliment.

W. IL SMITH

Swampscott, Mass.

#### HE SAID IT

Sirs:

I very much enjoy "They Said It" every week. Recently the sports editor of one of our papers has come up with a couple of good ones which deserve circulation.

On Silky Sullivan: "If Paul Revere had had Silky under him that eventful April day in 1776 we'd all be British subjects today."

On Tommy Marville's generous contribution to our Little League baseball program: "Tommy Marville has apparently discovered that diamonds are also a boy's best friend."

H. R. V. THOMAS

White Plains, N.Y.

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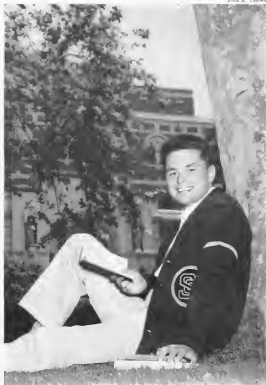


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## Pat on the back

Jack E. Towner



**MIKLOS MARTIN**

*'I love California; I love it all'*

The most happy fella at the U. of Southern California would seem to be this young man taking a breather under a campus sycamore. It is his background that gives special meaning to the sentiment quoted.

Martin is one of the Hungarian Olympians who in Melbourne made the difficult decision to seek asylum in the United States. Playing on the Hungarian water-polo team which gave the Russians such a memorable aquatic battle he was a man with a guaranteed future in his homeland.

Once in America Martin set about his new life with energy and intelligence. After a countrywide tour with his teammates Nick, as he is known, registered at Southern Cal for a slew of difficult courses (political science, zoology, English and French literature). Despite the language barrier and competitive water polo, he carried them off with distinction (mostly As, a few Bs). Nick seems certain to graduate with honors and eventually fulfill his hopes of teaching French at an American college.



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